LIBRARY OF CONGRESS COPYRIGHT No. 8935 1879. CITY OF WASHINGTON

FRANK LESLIE'S

BOYS' AND GIRLS' WEEKLY.

An Illustrated Journal of Amusement, Adventure, and Instruction.

Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1879, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

No. 666.—Vol. XXVI. NEW YORK, JULY 26, 1879. Five Cents a Copy. $3.50 a Year, Postage Free.

Topsy-Turvy; Or, The Boy Explorer, and the World Turned Inside Out.

CHAPTER I.

AFTER SEVEN YEARS.

A "WET season" in the tropics. The luxuriant foliage and undergrowth were weighed down by the continuous rains; the dense swamp beneath, covered with twisted mangrove, and interlaced with tortuous vines and shrubs, was more than usually slimy and impassable.

Dark forests of palms, with their leaves ten feet in length, rested in sombre magnificence against the side of the mountain. The wild mango, the zapote, the níspero and the guava occurred at intervals. Monkeys chatted in the trees, and parrakeets screamed vociferously in all directions.

The day, however, had been an interval of brilliant sunshine, hot as only a tropical day can be. But now, as the sun fell rapidly behind the hills, a slight breeze floated down the river, cooling the overheated atmosphere, and refreshing with a season of blissful enjoyment the two men who stood on the river's bank, smoking, and now and then conversing seriously together, as of matters of importance in their charge.

Of these two men the younger was dressed in the uniform of the French army, and was, in fact, an officer of engineers in that service, Lieutenant De Vergne by name.

His companion, an older man by a dozen years or more, was also in uniform—that of the French navy, in which he occupied the position of a surgeon.

Both these officers were on special leave, granted them by their respective services.

This had been done to enable them to attach themselves to an important scientific expedition, of which they had accordingly been useful and active members during the seven years of its labors.

As these labors neared completion, and the vast undertaking of the expedition promised fulfillment in almost immediate success, it was not wonderful that the final responsibility of their undertaking should press heavily upon the minds of its leaders, and give a serious cast to their thoughts and conversations.

"It is nearing the end, Victor," said the elder of the two officers.

"Truly," replied the other; "and I wish I felt perfectly certain what the end was to be."

"There can be but one conclusion."

"And that is?"

"Success."

"God grant it!"

"De Vergne, have you not yet got rid of your absurd misgivings?" asked Doctor Beaumont, placing his hand lightly on the shoulder of the younger man.

"No. Unfortunately, I cannot rid myself of painful forebodings. And you must admit there have been some grounds for them."

"I admit nothing but that to-morrow our work will be finished, and we will be immortalized," responded the other, with a slight laugh; and leaving his companion, he stepped nearer the bank, and looked out over the rushing river.

The Rio Grande is one of the many small streams that find their way into the Pacific Ocean from the range of mountains which forms the backbone of the Isthmus of Panama.

It is, in fact, upon this narrow strip of land, dividing the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, that the events of the preliminary portion of our story occurred.

On December 17th, 1880, ground had been broken at Navy Bay, on the Caribbean Sea, for the construction of the proposed ship canal, which was to unite the two oceans. In the ceremonies of this eventful day a part was taken by representatives of the United States Government, and by prominent Americans and others, notwithstanding that the route which had been selected was not held in much favor in the United States, and considerable wrath had been expressed through the medium of the American press at so little deference having been paid to American opinions and preferences.

The Americans wanted a canal, but they preferred one with locks. The French, under the leadership of M. de Lesseps, the distinguished projector of the Suez Canal, desired a tide-level canal, without locks, and with a tunnel. Had the American plan been adopted, the frightful catastrophe which has afforded a subject for the present narrative would never have occurred.

But at the meeting in Paris, in 1879, of the Congress having the subject under consideration, the Panama route, without locks, was decided upon, in the face of the earnest opposition of most of the American members of the Congress.

This plan was adopted on the report of Lieutenant L. N. Bonaparte Wyse, a member of the Bonaparte family, and an officer in the French navy. As soon as it was decided upon, a call for subscriptions was made, and so great was the popular enthusiasm in regard to the project that in a very little while many millions of francs had been offered.

The Colombian Government had, in 1878, given to Lieutenant Wyse a "concession," as it is called, by which

"'GIVE THAT ORDER TO THE OFFICER ON DUTY,' HE SAID. 'SEE THAT HE READS IT, AND TELL HIM TO MAKE HASTE. THE ORDER IS THAT HE IS TO MOVE THE PEOPLE UP TO THE HILL CAMP AT ONCE.'"

the privilege of excavating and building the proposed canal was conceded to the "Civil Interoceanic Canal Society." As this concession carried with it the "right of way" over any part of the Isthmus, it followed that the society had only to decide where they would build their canal, when they might go to work and build it.

Of course the applications for positions to accompany the canal expedition were very many. Among those selected at the outset were Lieutenant De Vergne and Doctor Beaumont.

The first of these gentlemen had been for some years stationed in Algiers, where he had achieved a reputation for engineering skill in conducting difficult and important works for irrigation and drainage. Lieutenant De Vergne was about twenty-eight years old, and a manly, erect, and fine-looking fellow. He had been thoroughly educated at one of the military schools of France, was cool, intrepid and full of resource, and a man of great value in an emergency.

Doctor Beaumont had been educated for a surgeon in Paris, under the tuition of the most noted men in that profession. He was skilled as a physician and expert with the knife, but of a kindly and genial nature, and a pleasant companion.

In the years of toil and danger which had elapsed during the difficult construction of the inter-oceanic canal these two men had become inseparable friends. They had also proved the wisdom which had selected them for their important positions.

Lieutenant De Vergne was the chief consulting engineer in the employ of the society, and had charge of the extreme advance of the expedition.

He personally superintended the practical work of the gangs of laborers who took the lead in the operations of construction.

Under his direction the wonderful tunnel through the Cordilleras had been excavated, and now remained one of the most astonishing monuments of engineering skill in the world.

It was six miles in length, one hundred and twenty feet high, and broad enough for the easy passage, side by side, of the largest ships that had ever been constructed.

This tunnel was designed to be lighted by electric lamps, experiments which had been made to this end, under the direction of an expert electrician, having proven entirely successful. Indeed, during the progress of the blasting and excavation of the tunnel, it had been found quite practicable to illuminate its interior with a flood of light sufficient to enable the laborers to conduct their work with all the facility afforded by the brightest sunshine.

To Doctor Beaumont it had been owing that the sanitary arrangements of the canal expedition had been perfected by every means known to science.

More than twenty thousand native laborers had been employed on the severe and exhausting toil incidental to the excavation of the canal. Seven hundred Europeans and Americans had superintended and directed these laborers in their operations.

Yet, through the admirable system of Doctor Beaumont, and which he had conducted by means of a sanitary service of one hundred and twenty-five assistants, only two per cent. of deaths had occurred, while the general condition of health of the expedition was excellent, even during the prolonged rainy season.

The Isthmus of Panama, at the point chosen for the canal, was less than fifty miles wide. Here was built, between 1850 and 1855, the Panama Railroad, which was, for a dozen years or more, a part of the main route from the eastern seaboard to California.

Exactly three hundred and fifty years before the expedition which we are considering, the very canal route chosen was surveyed by Flemish engineers, under the orders of King Philip II. of Spain.

Curiously enough, the King not only concluded not to build the canal, but he ordered that no one should even refer to the subject, under penalty of death.

In the light of the remarkable occurrences which followed the opening of the canal, it would almost seem as though the Spanish monarch had foreseen the possible result of the construction.

The Isthmus at this point was full of natural beauty. Strange forms of vegetable and animal life met the eye at every turn. Cocoa-groves were varied by beautiful meadows; strange-looking and scentless flowers, rich in gaudy color, were thickly scattered over the soil; and swift and crooked rivers gave a wonderfully pleasing variety to the landscape. The forests were full of animal and insect life.

Monkeys, the opossum, the peccary, or wild hog, the sloth, deer, bear, cougar and tiger-cat, were natives. Here, too, were found the iguana and other specimens of the lizard tribe; alligators abounded in the streams, and boa-constrictors and other large snakes in the forest. As for lesser animal life, the country swarmed with tarantulas, scorpions and centipedes, while musquitoes, ants, sand-flies and jiggers were present in myriads.

The difficulties in the way of labor in such a region were almost insuperable. The rainy season, which commenced in May and lasted until December, rendered outdoor labor almost impossible. The months of August, September and October—the hottest of the year—carried seriously the constitutions of white men, even of those accustomed to tropical life.

The expedition, taught by the failures in that direction which occurred during the construction of the Panama Railroad, had depended mainly for labor on the natives of the surrounding country. In 1850 one thousand Chinese were imported to the Isthmus to work on the new railroad; but these, after working a short time, became low-spirited, many scores of them committing suicide.

Thus there had seemed from the beginning to be some malign influence invoked whenever efforts had been made to unite those vast bodies of water between which nature had placed the seemingly frail barrier of the Isthmus.

The successful construction and operation of the Panama Railroad, and later, the eventful opening of the Pacific Coast of North America by the building of the trans-continental railways, had for a time withdrawn men's minds from the scheme which had occupied them at intervals from the days of Columbus and Cortez. But now the restless desire for improvement, and dissatisfaction with what is, which are so prominent in human character, had awakened the old fever, and the inter-oceanic Canal was actually impending. Doctor Beaumont had treated the serious mood of his young friend somewhat lightly, but he was not less impressed himself with the possible hazard of the morrow's occurrence.

The lieutenant had seated himself on a log after his last ejaculation and his friend's remark, and for a few moments nothing more was said.

Work was suspended for the day. The natives were in their huts in the bush, resting after their labors, and devoting themselves with considerable earnestness to supplying the cravings of pretty vigorous appetites.

In a small frame building a few rods from the river, Pierre Flamant, the cook for the officers' mess, was preparing supper.

Just then a movement was heard in the underbrush, and presently a tall, vigorous-looking man, bearing a rifle on his shoulder, strode toward the two officers, followed by a boy, apparently about seventeen years of age.

The latter was rather heavily burdened with the result of the hunter's success, and as he reached the entrance to "quarters" flung his load on the ground, saying:

"There's your supper, Pierre, and I'd rather eat it than carry it, I tell you."

Pierre came out of the hut with a knife in his hand, and stood regarding the creature, which was an odd-looking animal enough.

"Pig again?"

"Yes, pig," replied the boy; "though you might as well give him his right name and call him a peccary."

"Call him what you please; and while you are about it, I wish you would cut him up for me," said the cook.

"I shall take a rest first. He weighs twenty pounds, if it's an ounce, and I've carried him more than a mile."

"Was that all you could find?" asked Pierre.

"Well, yes; though a 'stricter had been swoopin' round in the bush where we were. We gave him a wide berth, I tell you."

"How did you know he had been there?"

"Saw his trail," replied the boy. "Leaves all smashed down, limbs broke off the trees. He must have been a big fellow. Captain 'Dyke says he guesses he was forty foot long."

The boy had stretched himself at full length on a bench before the cabin-door, and Pierre now returned to his preparations for supper.

In the meantime the hunter had joined the two French officers.

This was one of the few Americans in the employ of the society, and was a character of no slight importance, both in regard to the canal enterprise and in relation to the story.

Captain John Wortendyke, whose name was too much for Sam, the boy aforesaid, and had been shortened to "Dyke" for his special convenience, was a sailor by profession, and owed his present position to a curious chapter of accidents.

It happened that at the time when the expedition commenced its work at Navy Bay, Captain Wortendyke reached Aspinwall, having crossed the Isthmus by rail on his way home to Nantucket.

He had been on a whaling voyage in the South Pacific, and was on his way to San Francisco with a fair lading of oil, when his ship was caught in a cyclone. After being buffeted about for nearly two days the storm abated, leaving the ship, however, in such a wrecked and leaking condition that her crew abandoned her and took to the boats.

Fortunately, they were picked up by a vessel bound for Lima, whence the captain had taken the steamer to Panama, intending to go home and try for another vessel.

But on his arrival at Aspinwall, and finding the canal expedition about starting on its journey across the Isthmus, he conceived the idea of chartering boats and transporting provisions, by way of the Chagres River, to accompany the working party.

The idea was a feasible one, as it proved, and an arrangement was soon effected by which the captain became the caterer of the expedition. Beginning in a small way, he increased his facilities as the work progressed, and finally filled contracts for providing the entire force, keeping boats plying constantly between the interior and the coast on this mission.

He was systematic, prompt, and honest; and the result of his speculations was by this time a handsome fortune in bank at Aspinwall, while his commissariat department had long ran itself with the certainty of a machine.

Just under the river's bank lay one of the captain's peculiar boats—large and heavy, broad in the beam, supplied with lockers all around, and constructed with especial regard to safety. She was "warranted not to upset."

The captain nodded to the officers, and stepped aboard the boat and into the small cabin astern. Here he carefully deposited his rifle and ammunition, after which he leaped ashore and joined the others.

It should be remarked here that in the selection of those who accompanied the canal expedition from France—as of those who joined it at Aspinwall, care was taken to employ those only who were acquainted with the Spanish and English languages, as well as the French. So that the reader is to imagine the two French officers conferring together in their own language, but speaking English to the captain. Pierre spoke English, also, fluently, and it was in that language that he spoke to the boy, Sam.

"I see you got some supper for us," said De Vergne, as the captain approached.

"Shot a peccary, and missed a splendid wild turkey," grumbled the captain.

"Seems to be a fat fellow," observed Doctor Beaumont.

"Sam thinks so," said the captain, laughing. "But if you had seen him travel, with that pig on his shoulder, when we struck a snake-trail, you would have laughed. He ran about ten rods, and I don't believe he knew he was carrying the peccary from the time he started till he stopped."

"What kind of a snake was it?" queried De Vergne.

"Oh, a boa-constrictor, and a forty-foot one, or I'm mistaken."

"Did you see it?" asked the doctor.

"No. We struck the trail about a mile back, where he was making for the interior. We got away pretty lively. I have no fancy for a near acquaintance with these fellows. But how do you get on with your work?"

"Everything is ready," replied Lieutenant De Vergne, "and I am expecting a party up from below this evening to take charge of affairs to-morrow."

"What is the programme?" inquired Captain Wortendyke.

"Oh, not very much here. The principal show will be at the other end, when they let the water in. But we have got a small gun, and a couple of flags, and will be able to make a little display at our end, and some noise."

"I suppose everything will work right, eh?" queried the captain.

"That is just what troubles De Vergne," remarked Doctor Beaumont. "He has an idea in his mind that there is going to be some convulsion or disturbance of some kind or another. He has been overworked, and is a little nervous, I suspect."

De Vergne laughed a little stiffly.

"Perhaps you are right, doctor," he said. "I am sure I hope so. For, to tell you the truth, I feel impressed with a sense of impending disaster, which I would much rather be without."

"Well, my good friend," remarked Captain Wortendyke, "what can possibly happen that shall be very disastrous? The very worst would be a slight inundation of the shore. And that could only last a few moments, and could do very little damage. The soldiers can get back on the hills, and my boat will hold the rest of us; and she is as stanch and steady as a whale-boat."

"You are quite right, I dare say," responded the lieutenant, turning toward the cabin; "but I see Pierre is ready, so we will go in to supper."

And the others following, they were all presently engaged in discussing a hearty meal, very much needed after the day's fatigue.

CHAPTER II.

AN IMPENDING CATASTROPHE.

"SAM," said the captain, after supper, as they all sat on camp-stools smoking in front of the cabin, "tell the lieutenant and the doctor about your life in New York, and how you came to turn up on the Chagres."

Sam was busily employed in cutting up the peccary, which has to be carefully handled in preparing it for cooking. Indeed, as soon as one is killed the dorsal gland has to be dissected out, or the fine, white flesh becomes tainted with a disagreeable and very pungent flavor.

The boy looked up from his work in a rather shame-faced fashion.

"They won't want to be bothered with my 'experience," said he.

But the captain had given them the wink, so the two officers at once expressed the greatest anxiety to hear Sam's "experience," as he termed it, in his abbreviative fashion.

After a little "hemming" and "hawing," Sam said:

"Well, gentlemen, I may as well say at the beginning that I came up in the streets of New York. I went to school sometimes, because the police used to take me in if I didn't. And so, somehow, I picked up reading and writing, and enough 'rithmetic to keep my bank account straight."

"Where were your people—your father and mother—Sam?" asked the doctor.

"Well, sir, I can't tell much about them. I suspect they were a rough lot. For, as near as I can remember, they were always having drinking and carousing going on in the tenements where we lived, and it was a common thing for the police to come in on 'em and run the whole lot in."

"And what did you do for a living?" said the lieutenant.

"Well, you see, after a while my folks must have died, or got locked up, or something; for they kinder disappeared, and the first thing I knew, I was knocking 'round the streets, begging cold victuals. I got hold of a boy that sold newspapers about that time, and we lived together. You see, I was an awful little chap, not more than six or seven years old, or so, and I was wild as a hawk. But I see this boy used to make money by stickin' to his work, and I thought a good many times I'd like to try it. One day there was a man gave me a quarter for taking a letter for him, and I took it to my friend, and he put me up to getting some newspapers, and I started in business. Then I got into the lodging-house, and for a year or two I did pretty well. I got my education, as you may suppose, because I only had a smatterin' one before, and now I took a notion to go to night-school, and picked up a lot.

"About eight years ago there was a newspaper editor had a pile of money given him to do what he liked with—to give away, you know, to poor people—so he thought he'd start a lot of boys out West on farms. Well, he sent away a good many, first and last, and in one of the parties I got a chance to go, and I thought I'd try it.

"I was sent out with about two dozen more, and a man from a society that did that kind of thing went with us. I was sent to a farmer out in Kansas. He was a very nice man, and I got on with him first-rate. But times got hard, and he took a notion he'd sell out and go into mining. About that time there was great talk about a place called Leadville, in Colorado, and my boss took the fever. So he packed up, and his family the money he sold out for—except enough to get him—and off he went to Leadville, taking me along.

"There was no discount on those mines, I tell you. They just dug out the stuff by the ton, and everything was 'booming.' My old man struck a good lead on his claim and we went to work. But, we were at it about four months all that Summer, and the boss made a big strike, took out about fifty thousand dollars worth of stuff, and then sold out half the mine for a few dollars and started East. He gave me a clean thousand dollars before he left, and, as I had had enough of mining, it's a pleguy rough life, any way—I started for 'Frisco, to have a good time.

"Of course, when I got there I soon got rid of my money. How I did it I've forgotten, but after about three or four months I found I hadn't any left, and so I looked 'round for something to do.

"San Francisco is a mighty hard place for a boy out of work. I can tell you, and I had a rough time of it. But one day I met a man who asked me if I didn't want a job. I was just the boy for a job by that time, for I hadn't had one in three weeks. Whatever it was I did for the man I don't know now, but I suited him, and he got me to hang around the hotel and run his errands for him.

"He was a Spaniard, from Lima. He had any amount of money, and was more liberal with it than any man I ever saw. But after a while he told me he was going away, and I guess I saw my jaws drop, for he asked me how I'd like to go to China.

"I didn't care where I went, so that I had somebody to tie to, and I knew there wasn't anything for me in 'Frisco. And that's the story of the pesky place; there isn't anything for a fellow to do unless he's got money; and you can't get money. So I told him I'd go, glad enough, and so it was fixed. The next day I went aboard the steamer, and we started.

"I found out all about my new boss pretty soon from a man on board that knew him in Lima. He was a coolie-merchant down there, and was going over to fix things right to get over more coolies. You see, it's a regular business in Lima, just like any other. They bring out the shiploads of coolies, and hire or sell them up-country to work the mines or build railroads.

"But I guess I'm tiring you, gentlemen, ain't I?"

Just then every one started, as a dull rumbling was felt, rather than heard, apparently far away, yet perceptibly shaking the ground beneath them.

"What is that?" queried the lieutenant.

"An old blast that has exploded, I guess," said the doctor. "It sounded in the direction of the tunnel."

Nothing more was heard, but the lieutenant rose and walked to the bank, where he inspected the gauge for a moment, then he returned to his seat and refilled his pipe.

"Go on, Sam," said the doctor. "Your story is very interesting, and I am quite sure we are none of us tired of hearing it."

"I am greatly interested, Sam. I had no idea you had enjoyed such an experience," said Lieutenant De Vergne.

"There was not much to enjoy in some of it," continued the boy, "but I did have a good time on that China trip."

"You see, after I got to Hong Kong I was sent to the coolie-agent at a small port further north, and used to go up the river with him in the *lorcher*, a big boat that went after coolies. I had lots of fun then, but there's no use going into that; you understand all that business, I guess.

"We staid there nearly a year, and then my boss started for home and took me with him. We arrived at 'Frisco all right, took the steamer for Panama and intercepted the Lima steamship, and then we went to Lima.

"I had a pretty good time there, too. I had picked up considerable South American Spanish from the agent in China, and got on very well. I did chores round the house and the office, ran errands, and once went with a lot of coolies into the mountains. This lasted another year, and then my boss had to go up to 'Frisco on some business, so he took me along.

"The steamer got wrecked, blown ashore on a reef a little south of Panama, and those of us that were lucky swam ashore; but a lot of the passengers got drowned, and my boss was one of them."

The boy was silent for a moment, then he resumed:

"He was the only friend I ever had."

"What did you do after you got ashore?" inquired the doctor, after a moment.

"Well, there were about twenty of us, and we made our way north as well as we could in the direction of Panama. We had a tough time, and lived on shellfish mostly, but it only took us three days, and we got into Panama all right.

"There was nothing for me there; I had only a little money; that was gone in a few days, for I had to get some clothes, and I knew I'd got to get across to the other side and try and work my passage for New York. Go back to 'Frisco I wouldn't. I tried hard to get a chance to cross on the railroad cars, but it was no use, so I concluded to foot it.

"I set out one morning early, and walked along the railroad. The natives at the stations were very good to me, gave me something to eat, and let me sleep under cover; and if I had kept on the railroad I would have been all right. But I heard of a shortcut, and thought I'd try it. I got on the wrong side of the river, lost myself in the woods, and had to sleep all night in a tree, hearing the wild animals all around me, and not sure but by life that some 'stricter would smell me out and come up the tree after me. When daylight came I struck for the Chagres, and kept along the banks till I came on Captain 'Dyke by his boat, and he took me aboard and made me cabin-boy."

The boy gave a laugh as he concluded, and as he had by this time got the peccary cut up, he proceeded to convey the animal in sections into the cabin, where Pierre took charge of it.

"There are two facts that Sam forgot or neglected to mention," said Captain Wortendyke, as the boy disappeared within the cabin.

"What were they?" asked the doctor.

"One is that he has grown quite clever than himself, who is employed at one end or the other of the Atlantic cable, and is an expert telegrapher. I suspect Sam is a little jealous of that brother's success in the world. The other fact is his name. I have never been able to get that out of him, though I have questioned him often. He only acknowledges to the name of Sam."

Here the lieutenant, who had been silent and apparently uneasy for some time, rose quietly, and taking a lantern from its shelf in the cabin, lighted it and started for the bank of the river again.

It was now quite dark, but as the captain and the doctor were still smoking, they continued where they were. Presently the latter said:

"Captain, have you any idea as to the exact cause of De Vergne's anxiety?"

"No, not in the least. I suspect it is nothing more than the natural reaction as he nears the close of long and responsible labors."

"I am not so sure of that," said the doctor, and after a few moments' silence: "Do you know much about the ocean currents, captain?"

"Well, yes, considerable. I've been afloat on about all of them, first and last, and have studied most of the books that treat of them. Of course, a navigator must be pretty well posted on the currents, unless he's a mere coaster; and I've been around the world two or three times, and up and down the Atlantic and Pacific, both sides, more times than I can remember."

"Have you ever given much study to the Gulf Stream?" asked Doctor Beaumont.

"Yes, a good deal. It is a curious current, that, and I don't think we know half as much about it as we ought to. But it's rather a long story, doctor. Are you much interested in it?"

"Very much," replied the other.

"Well, when we go inside I'll get out a chart and trace the course of the stream for you, and I think you will find it interesting. Ah, perhaps, may have never been brought to your notice."

"I will be glad to hear them," returned the doctor, quietly, and at the same moment both arose and walked leisurely to where the lieutenant's lantern could be seen as he inspected the shore of the stream and the gates.

There had been the expected arrival from below. A party comprising one or two subordinate officials and some twenty native laborers, with their French bosses, had come up by the train, to place themselves under the orders of Lieutenant De Vergne.

They brought with them a written report as to the condition of things at Navy Bay, which showed that the canal was, as a matter of fact, completed, and only waited the moment for opening the floodgates—a ceremony which was to occur on the morrow.

"Was there anything new talked about when you left?" asked Lieutenant De Vergne of the officer in charge of the party.

"Nothing of any special importance," was the reply, "except that there had been some excitement caused by the occurrence of certain strange noises, apparently in the interior of the earth, and

which, it was thought, might have been symptoms of an earthquake."

"That must have been what you noticed this afternoon, De Vergne," said Doctor Beaumont.

"Well," continued the young officer, laughing, "the noise proved to be a Spanish man-of-war practicing outside, at a considerable distance from shore, so the earthquake idea was given up. But this very shortly seemed to have stirred up subterranean affairs a little; for this morning some boats that were outside, fishing, were obliged to return on account of the large quantity of pitch that was thrown to the surface by some submarine convulsion."

"That," said the captain, "is an old story. They have been in the habit of finding bituminous matter afloat in the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea as long as those waters have been navigated."

"Yes," returned the other, "the peculiarity of this was in the enormous quantity that came up, and in the fact that it seemed fresh made, while that which is commonly found is old and stale. But I am no judge of such matters. However, I brought along a piece of it, and you can judge for yourselves."

And he took from his pocket something wrapped in a plantain-leaf, which, on examination, proved to be a somewhat soft, black substance, evidently bituminous, and evidently fresh.

The lieutenant examined this with much interest, but said nothing. Presently all started to retire to their respective quarters, the newcomers being directed toward huts which had been hastily constructed for their use.

But while the others walked toward the cabin, Captain Wortendyke borrowed the lieutenant's lantern and went on board his boat, which was tied just outside the gates, which alone separated the waters of the Rio Grande from the broad and deep trench beyond—which was the canal.

As the captain stepped on the deck of the boat, he noticed that its position relatively to the surface of the bank, seemed to have altered.

It was now at least a foot higher than when he last observed it.

Pausing to reflect for a moment on the cause of this curious phenomenon, he talked to himself after this fashion:

"That is odd! remarkably odd! If there were any tide in the Grande I could understand it; or, if she was lying lower down, I might think they had tapped the river somewhere and set her to leaking. But this is quite another affair."

Even as he thus communed with himself, the captain was sensible of a motion in the boat, and presently observed that she slowly fell in the water until she had reached her former relative position, or nearly so.

"Better!" said the captain to himself. "I dare say it happens regularly, only I haven't been here to notice it. And, by-the-way, I must find out what time they are going to let the water on and get my boat out of here, or she will be carried into the Pacific Ocean."

The captain now proceeded aft to the little cabin, which he entered, and presently reappeared on deck, bearing a long, cylindrical tin box—in fact, a chart-box.

Examination of the relation now borne by the boat as to distance from the surface of the bank showed that it had remained in its last position.

The captain uttered a "Pshaw!" and having so relieved his feelings, proceeded to wend his way to where the light, streaming through the open door, showed him his companions.

This cabin consisted of two sections, or rooms. One, in which the officers now were, was the eating and sleeping apartment, and was about sixteen feet long by ten in width. On either side were bunks, to the number of eight altogether, in which slept the officers of the advance and the two attachés, Pierre and Sam, the latter having been "borrowed" from the captain, and being employed by Lieutenant De Vergne and the doctor in various useful employments for which his natural intelligence and fair education fitted him.

In the centre of this large room was a long and broad table, about which, on camp-stools, were now seated Lieutenant De Vergne, the doctor, the young officer, who had just arrived from below, and Sam, who was a privileged individual.

Pierre Plamant, the cook, was seated in a corner of the room, drowsily smoking, a luxury in which all those present were at this time indulging.

A door opened from this apartment to a small outer-kitchen, where a well-provided caboose supplied Pierre with all the tools of his trade, and whence emanated culinary mysteries of a character to make an ordinary *maître de cuisine* gnaw his lip with envy.

About the walls were arranged shelves and pegs, on which were bestowed, or from which hung, the various instruments required in the preliminary engineering operations of the expedition.

There were also rifles, fishing-tackle and game-bags, skins of various animals, which had been shot or trapped during the time of their stay in this region, and numerous odds and ends impossible to describe.

"Lieutenant," said Captain Wortendyke, as he entered, depositing the tin box on the table, and extinguishing his lantern preliminary to hanging it up on its accustomed peg—"Lieutenant, what time are they going to turn on the water to-morrow?"

"Twelve o'clock, noon," was the reply. "Why?"

"Because I must get the *Admiral* out of water. I don't want to see her carried down to the Pacific."

The *Admiral* was the captain's flagship, as he called her, she being the best constructed and largest of his fleet of boats.

"Come, captain," said the doctor, "I am waiting for you;" and then, addressing the lieutenant, "Captain Wortendyke is going to enlighten my ignorance about ocean currents, and particularly as to the nature and uses of the Gulf Stream."

At this speech Lieutenant De Vergne, who was sitting Rienzi-fashion apart, looked up hastily, and his face flushed.

"Is that a subject you are pretty well up in, captain?" he asked.

"Moderately well," responded the captain, modestly. "It has been a kind of hobby of mine, and I have devoted a good deal of time and study to it."

All now drew close up to the table, and the captain opened his tin-box and unrolled his charts.

CHAPTER III.

THE SAILING OF THE "ADMIRAL."

"NOW, gentlemen," began the lecturer, as he smoothed his chart on the table before him, and moved the candles to such points that they might best illuminate its surface, "having been invited by my friend, the surgeon, to deliver some remarks on the subject of ocean currents, and more particularly the Gulf Stream, I shall assume that you are all entirely ignorant on this matter, although you may know more about it than I have any reason to suppose you do."

"You are perfectly safe, captain, as far as I am concerned," said Lieutenant De Vergne. "I am entirely ignorant on that subject, and should be delighted to be better informed."

The others having expressed a similar frame of mind, and as Sam was leaning on his elbows ready to take it all in, and Pierre had knocked the ashes out of his pipe, refilled it, and was now all attention, the captain proceeded in the following language:

"The more one reflects on the remarkable natural phenomena by which the beneficent relation of forces and results is sustained upon the earth, the more one must be struck with wonder and with awe."

No one seemed inclined to dispute this assertion, and the captain, after looking about him for a moment, continued:

"Now, apart from the value of the ocean currents as aids to navigation, they possess properties, and perform operations of such extraordinary value to humanity that it is wonderful the facts concerning them are not more generally known and appreciated.

"It would take far too much time for me to tell about all the ocean currents, even if I was prepared to take that contract, which I'm not, so I shall confine myself to the two most important systems—the great equatorial currents of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans.

"The first of these, the *Atlantic*, takes its rise hereabouts," pointing the locality out on the chart, "in the warm waters about the equator, and flows westward from Africa with an average velocity of twenty miles a day for four thousand nautical miles, to the Caribbean Sea. Stopped for the moment by the bold abutment of the northeastern shore of Brazil, it feels its way along the coast to the sea, entering which, and still hugging the shores of South America, it becomes what is known as the Gulf Stream.

"Thrust aside once more from its westward course, it glides through the Yucatan Channel, and enters the Gulf of Mexico, around the inner edge of which it passes, until it finds exit through the Straits of Florida, and into the Atlantic. The Gulf Stream now flows in a northeasterly direction, until it is lost in the Arctic Seas.

"This tremendous volume of water flowing through the ocean is sufficiently remarkable, but it is outdone in extraordinary features by a similar current in the Pacific Ocean, known as the equatorial current of the Pacific.

"Extending from the Tropic of Cancer on the north to the Tropic of Capricorn on the south, this current has a width of three thousand miles, and with a velocity of from twenty to sixty miles a day, it sweeps to the westward in uninterrupted grandeur around three-eighths of the globe, until it begins to pass, until it finds exit through the Straits of Florida, and into the Atlantic. The Gulf Stream now flows in a northeasterly direction, until it is lost in the Arctic Seas.

"This tremendous volume of water flowing through the ocean is sufficiently remarkable, but it is outdone in extraordinary features by a similar current in the Pacific Ocean, known as the equatorial current of the Pacific.

"Extending from the Tropic of Cancer on the north to the Tropic of Capricorn on the south, this current has a width of three thousand miles, and with a velocity of from twenty to sixty miles a day, it sweeps to the westward in uninterrupted grandeur around three-eighths of the globe, until it begins to pass, until it finds exit through the Straits of Florida, and into the Atlantic. The Gulf Stream now flows in a northeasterly direction, until it is lost in the Arctic Seas.

"Thrust aside once more from its westward course, it glides through the Yucatan Channel, and enters the Gulf of Mexico, around the inner edge of which it passes

No more was said, and the captain and Doctor Beaumont produced two valises from their banks, and proceeded to pack them with considerable expedition.

In a few moments Pierre and Sam returned, and reported that the order was being obeyed as rapidly as possible, the natives having already taken up their march for the upper line of huts.

The fact that at certain times in the rainy season the river was liable to overflow its banks and flood the surrounding country at very short notice, had made a second camp necessary, and this had been constructed early in the history of the expedition.

It was located on a plateau about three hundred feet above the first camp, and protected from wild animals by a high stockade. As this was not the first time a sudden move had been made, no surprise had been occasioned by the order, which had simply been obeyed without question.

On going to the door Lieutenant De Vergne could see, by looking up the height, the lights of many torches flittering among the trees, as the procession of as many as two or three hundred native laborers, and about twenty whites, climbed in very open order to their new quarters.

"Get your traps together, boys," he said to Pierre and Sam, "and follow us to the boat. We shall sleep aboard to-night. Pack your valuables into something, just as though you were going away."

So saying, the lieutenant picked up his valise, and telling Sam to look after the record-box, followed the other two, who had already started, laden with their own luggage.

As they walked along together Captain Wortendyke said to his companion:

"Doctor, what is up? Is there anything the matter with our friend F——?"

"I think there's 'method in his madness,' to quote your great poet, Shakespeare. He is too sensible a man, too good an engineer, and too well informed altogether to start off in this instinct without cause. If I am not all at sea we will have some excitement after a while. I begin to think I see what he has in his mind."

"Well, do tell me what it is and relieve my suspense."

But just at that moment the lieutenant caught up with them, while behind him could be seen the figures of Pierre and Sam, as they picked their way after the rest, and so all reached the edge of the bank, and were presently comfortably ensconced in the little cabin.

It was now past ten o'clock, and a few minutes after the party had become settled for the night, Captain Wortendyke looked quizzically at the lieutenant, and remarked:

"If you have nothing further on hand, lieutenant, I think I will turn in."

De Vergne smiled and said:

"Do so, by all means, captain, and I hope you will not have to be disturbed."

"Oh, don't hesitate to disturb me, if I can be of any service."

And having partially disrobed, he proceeded to "turn in," as he expressed it. But just before drawing the curtains of his bunk, Captain Wortendyke put his head out and called to the lieutenant:

"My friend, it appears to me that, for a nervous man, you have made the most extraordinary selection of a sleeping-place. It is, I should say, the only possible spot where there could by any chance be the slightest danger. Good-night!"

And he drew in his head, closed the curtains, and was seen no more.

The lieutenant now pointed out to Pierre and Sam where they should sleep, whereupon they both retired, when the doctor followed their example.

The lieutenant, however, remarking that he did not feel sleepy, lighted a fresh pipe and stepped on the deck, where there was a clear walking space of about fifteen feet before you were interrupted by the caboose.

It was a superb night.

The sky was brilliant with stars as only a tropical sky can be.

Beneath, and shining under a full moon, the Rio Grande flowed westward toward the Pacific.

Eastward extended the broad and deep trench that was waiting for one more noon to complete it for its destined purpose.

Lieutenant De Vergne paced the deck up and down, slowly, now gazing at the stars, now at the gloomy background of dense forest and thicket, out of which the mountain loomed up grandly against the blue vault of heaven.

For more than an hour he continued so to pace, occasionally pausing to look over into the river, now and then listening, as though waiting for something.

Sounds there were in plenty—sounds common to a Central American forest and river. Occasionally could be heard the shrill cry of some night-bird, the hoarse growl of the puma, or the dull plash in the river, far below, of a stray alligator.

It drew near to midnight, and the lieutenant paused in his walk, knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and was on the point of returning to the cabin.

At that moment the whole earth seemed to become oppressed with a sudden and unnatural stillness.

The air grew heavy, there wakened a low, sough-

KORNEGALLE JACK.—"HE USED TO WALK VERY SLOWLY, WITH THE KETTLE DANGLING AT THE END OF HIS TRUNK."

UNDER THE GASLIGHTS!—"FOR THE LAST TIME THEY SWEPT, FATHER AND SON, AROUND THE GLITTERING RING. THE PLAUDITS ROSE HIGH."

ing sound among the trees, as though of a sudden they bent together before a whirlwind, yet there was no wind.

Then far down, as if in the innermost caverns of the earth, there could be heard a faint and sullen rumble. This grew into a dull roar, and this became deafening.

Presently the sky was obscured, and what seemed to be a vast cloud of dense, black smoke intercepted the stars from sight.

And then, with a confusion of hideous noises, the very earth, far away in the distance, seemed to be rent asunder, and volumes of lurid flame rose straight into the air.

Lieutenant De Vergne had staggered to the cabin-door to call his friends, but found them, awakened by the hideous din, already up and at his side.

Now the boat began to toss and tremble, and presently there could be seen, stealing along the deep and dark trench, which extended way to the eastward, a whirling, silvery line of foam, advancing straight upon them.

"Cut loose! cut loose!" shouted the lieutenant—scarcely heard in the deafening noise—and in an instant the captain had caught up an ax from somewhere, and flying to the bow, had cut the painter with one quick blow.

A current, which came no one could tell whence, seized the stout bark and whirled her about and onward down the river.

The captain seized the tiller, mechanically lashing himself to a ring in the deck as he did so by a bit of strong rope which by chance lay at his side. The others flung themselves within the cabin, and closed the stout oaken door.

Now, far behind, could be seen the ponderous gates burst open as though they were of paper, and the rush of waters poured through the opening and into the river.

And now, with lightning speed, but ever mounted upon the rising crest of the on-coming waves, the *Admiral* dashed onward along the course of the river—become a maddened torrent—until, as though propelled from some monster cannon, or belched forth from the flaming jaws of a volcano, she shot from the mouth of the river and into the vast waste of the Pacific Ocean.

But the impelling force ceased not. For as though the flood of some pent-up cataract had burst its bonds, a new river, at a speed so mad and tense as to baffle the eye, flung itself into and through the great, silent Pacific, and tending ever westward with untiring velocity, bore upon its current the staunch boat with its freight—the sole living souvenir of the ISTHMOCHANIC CANAL.

[To be continued.]

KORNEGALLE JACK.

KORNEGALLE JACK, the hero of my story, was so called from the place—the interior of Ceylon—where he was captured. The history of his taking was rather pitiful, for, poor fellow! if it had not been for his filial feelings, he would have been a wild elephant to the end of the story.

He was a tiny creature, running by the side of his huge mother, when his future master first caught sight of him in the depths of the jungle. He fired and brought down the old one. As soon as she fell the little creature showed the most terrible distress, running round and caressing her dead body with his little trunk, and would not let any one come near her.

However, he was caught at last, and a kind of crib or immense cage having been put together for him, a triumphal procession set out through the jungle toward the bungalow, the prisoner being carried, cage and all, upon the shoulders of the natives. When we arrived, the Malay soldiers soon knocked up a kind of stable for him.

He was, it was supposed, just six months old, and about as high as an ordinary dinner-table, and the most ferocious little wretch that ever was seen. He would let no one go into his stable, and for two or three days sullenly refused any food. He must have been nearly famished before he gave up the heroic idea of starving to death, and condescended to drink off a bucket of buffalo's milk; dipping his little trunk into the bucket, he sucked it full of milk, and then spouted it into his mouth, as if he knew all about it, though it must have been his first attempt at such grown-up ways.

In a short time the Baby Elephant had rice-water mixed with his milk to thicken it; the next step was being promoted to boiled rice, and then he began to get young tender grass and plantains.

His master allowed no one but himself to feed him for the first few weeks, and he became very gentle with him long before he would allow any one else to come near. If people tried to come into his stable, he would rush at them, beat them with his little trunk, and try to knock them over.

He was a close prisoner for a long time; but as soon as he got a little quieter, he used to be picketed by the hind legs in the compound, the inclosure round the bungalow.

At the end of two months, being thoroughly tamed and domesticated, he was allowed to ramble about the house and grounds as he pleased, but his favorite place was by his master's side, whether he was in the house or out of it. He followed him like the most faithful dog for long distances, even on horseback, and was furious if he found he had been left behind. Of course this devotion of his was rather troublesome sometimes, especially on one memorable occasion, when he shocked his master and scandalized the congregation, and disconcerted the clergyman, by coming to church.

He had broken out of his compound, where he was supposed to have been left quite safe, found out which way to follow by some mysterious instinct, and then demurely walked up the aisle and stood by his beloved master's side. He would have stood there quietly during the longest sermon, but, of course, it would not do, so Mr. —— had to get up and walk home with him.

When his master was at home in the heat of the day, Jack generally stood by him, fanning him; his fan was a chowry, a soft, tassel-like brush used by the natives to whisk away flies, or else a green branch, with which he would brush the flies away from his master and himself.

The cook-house, or kitchen, is always a separate building in India; and it was Jack's first morning duty to go there and fetch the kettle.

As soon as he saw his master was ready for breakfast he went to the black cook, who gave him the kettle with a cloth wrapped round the handle. He carried it into the house and put it carefully down on a mat by his master's side; and when the tea was made, he picked it up and took it back again. He did this quite safely for a long time; but one day, either from not balancing the kettle properly, or some other mishap, he poured some of the boiling water on his feet. He screamed and made the most terrible hullabaloo, dashed down the kettle and rushed into the house to his master for help. After that, though little Jack was too good to refuse to do his morning duty, he evidently thought it a very dangerous bit of work; and he used to walk very slowly, with his trunk stretched quite straight in the most ridiculous way, and the kettle dangling at the end of it, carrying it as clear of his toes as he possibly could. A portrait of Jack in this predicament is still extant.

He stood by the table all breakfast-time—eating his own breakfast—a bunch of delicious fresh plantains always waiting for him on the table, and at which he twinkled his eyes approvingly, but never touched till the kettle business was finished.

Breakfast over, he sallied out to visit the hospital with his master, who was the military surgeon at Kornegalle. He was always warmly welcomed by the sick soldiers, who used to be very much amused at him as he walked every day gravely up to their bedsides, standing with an anxious and inquisitive look by his master, as he examined and prescribed for his patients. What his interest in it all could be it is impossible to imagine; but there was something in the ceremonies of feeling pulses and looking at tongues which Jack was never tired of observing; and he always watched to see how the men took their medicine.

A BRAVE OLD WOMAN.

A RATTLESNAKE emerged from a load of cabbages in Dubuque, the other day, and the men all got into safe places, while an old woman prodded him with a pitchfork.

UNDER THE GASLIGHTS.

JACOBI was his name! At least, the posters said so—and who ever knew a poster to lie? Nonsense! Did you ever when a boy, in those happy days when to hear was to believe, when to be told was to credit, and when to hope was to almost enter into actual possession—did you ever, I say, in those halcyon days, when the bright circle of glaring vans was drawn up on the village green and the morn of the long-expected caravan had dawned, did you ever dream of disappointment? Was the show ever less than your expectations? Did the anacondas that twined and wrestled in the wondrous transparency over the door of the booth ever seem to dwindle as you entered? Was the woolly horse less woolly, or the pink-eyed lady less pink-eyed, or the skeleton man less bony, or, in fact, any of the wonders there and then on view, did they ever fall a peg in your estimation, when the dime had been paid and you entered the arena of their charms?

Not a bit of it! Youth is the necromancer that turns to gold the most spurious of dross, and, alas! we were young then!

So, Jacobi was his name. The time had been when in a dingy back shop near Chatham Street, little John Jacobi had run errands and done the chores for father and mother, brothers and sisters with the cheery heart he had under his jacket, ever ready to lend a helping hand to whoever needed it.

But John had a weakness—he always had had a hankering for horses. He would stand, as a boy, and admire some sturdy drag-horse tugging at its load, and even find points for admiration in the milkman's back (a stretch of imagination rather creditable to John), when he should have been spinning down the street on some errand for the shop.

A stable was his paradise, and the thud and stamping of the horses sweeter to his ear than a brass band. It was second nature. There were no two ways about it. And so John, with a straw in his mouth, began to get barry and stably, and, I fear, a little slangy; had secret dreams of corduroys and top boots, felt his blood tingle at the crack of a whip-lash, grew inattentive to business, was more than once reproved and chided by his parents, and—aboard-of-education—on various occasions snapped up his little brothers and sisters in the very grief and desperation of his heart, because he could not be what his whole soul longed and pined for.

To see the boys tumble in the ring, to witness the sweep of the horses round the enchanted circle, to hear the huzzas of the audience, to smell the damp odor of the sawdust, became at length too overpowering for John, and one morning found him, minus from behind the black counter in the little back shop, whereon an ill-spelled note lay blinking in the early light, saying (and blistered with tears it was, I am glad to say), that he left his "dootiful regards to his deer parents, and 'oped they would forgive their un'appy son."

In fact, John had "skeddaddled"—had joined a little traveling caravan and menagerie—and for years and years John Jacobi was a name unknown!

And now the boulevards of a foreign city were placarded with gorgeous announcements, "that the celebrated equestrian artist, Monsieur Jacobi, the delight of royal families, the favorite of the nobility, would perform his unrivaled feats of horsemanship at the Grand Royal Hippodrome of So-and-So, assisted by his infant son, whose astonishing precocity," etc., etc., etc.; and so the city was astir, and even the royal curiosity was to air itself that very night in the royal box in the Grand Hippodrome of S——.

Under the gaslights! and how many hearts beat high that night as they entered those swinging doors and gazed on that brilliant scene! Court and king were there, gracious ladies in splendid costume and far more splendid beauty; noble men, glittering uniforms and decorations, hurrying servants, laughter, mirth, bright looks and joyous hues; over above tier of eager spectators, and all that magnetic atmosphere of excitement which pervades a crowded house on some long-awaited night of entertainment;

A BRAVE OLD WOMAN.

for the last time they swept, father and son, around the glittering ring. The plaudits rose high.

for Jacobi had a European fame, and, in his way, had well deserved it.

The hippodrome was spacious, a well-designed oval, sufficiently large to satisfy the eye and permit performances of the first attraction and skill. Mirrors and gas-jets crimson and gold, statuettes and ornamentation, had been heaped and arranged to almost repletion—yet in a prevailing tone of good taste.

The *tout ensemble* was perfect. Down below lay the great ring, ruddy in the fresh-laid sawdust, as yet untrodden, save by the foot of some liveried "supe" as he hurried from one door of exit to another. Overhead and around was a graceful frieze-work of lights, while immediately in the centre of the dome, that arched over the arena, hung an enormous chandelier, whose cut-glass pendants twinkled and flashed like a mass of diamonds.

THE VALLEY OF DEATH.—"THE NEW-COMER THREW BACK HIS CLOAK, DISPLAYING TO THE STARTLED GROUP THE UNIFORM OF A LINE OFFICER, AND THE BADGE OF THEIR OWN REGIMENT."

A blast of trumpets and the doors flew open; a cavalcade of riders entered, and the performances, such as are usual in first-class arenas, commenced. But it was not till toward the close of the evening that the audience was to be delighted with the unrivaled exhibition of Jacobi with his little son—the infant prodigy that had already astonished all Europe with his precocious grace and skill. But the moment came at last, as all last moments will, though perhaps not always in a blaze of light.

There was a hush of expectation; the wide folding-doors again flew open, and, on a magnificent black horse—a favorite steed of his own training—Jacobi entered, holding the infant wonder in his arms. An immense salvo of cheers greeted his entrance.

He was a fine-looking man of middle age, dark features, gypsy hair and eyes, and perfect as a statue in his splendid physique. Slowly he rode round the circle, amid the deafening shouts, pausing to bow before the royal stand.

Who does not know the programme allotted to children trained for the ring? But who knows their training?

In the upper tier of boxes sat a pale-faced woman; large Spanish eyes burning with a fire that seemed almost to consume them, and bearing on this slender boy their concentrated gaze of mingled fear, passion and agonizing love.

It was the mother. In her hand she held a wreath of hothouse flowers to cast at her idol when his feats should be finished and the victory won.

The child had been ill from a fall in the previous season, had had a broken arm, and his mother had thanked God fervently that brain and spine had been spared.

The days, the months, the years of self-constrained

THE VALLEY OF DEATH.—"A SHARP, SUDDEN PANG SHOT THROUGH HIS LEFT SIDE. THERE WAS A ROARING, BOARING SOUND IN HIS EARS, AND HE FELL HEAVILY."

suffering through which this woman, who loved her offspring with a tiger's fierceness and an angel's strength of sacrifice and devotion, had passed, I have no words or wish to dwell upon.

Those who have been let into the arena of misery, who have known and witnessed the cries, the terror, the forced obedience of children trained for these and similar athletic exhibitions, they only can turn conscious and heart-sick from the sight.

Enough? For the last time they swept, father and son, around the glittering ring. The plaudits rose wild and high; the mother held half-balanced in her hand the hothouse wreath, ready to toss it lightly over the heads below when the finale should be accomplished.

The moment approached; the women drew a long breath of relief, and the tension of her nerves relaxed as the rider backed his superb horse slowly under the grand chandelier which hung from the central dome! A shout, wild and loud and long, and then an ominous shiver in the gilded mass of iron and glass above! What is it?

The shout dies suddenly away, and the audience groans, stricken and white-faced in a deadly silence, a gathering, paralyzing horror at what they see but cannot help!

It sways, it shudders—the great glowing mass of flame above the motionless group below—the horse and his double burden!

Does the mother see it? She does, but she cannot speak!

Slowly—slowly—then with a sudden plunge and crash it falls! A leaping horse with its back broken; and held down by a weight of twisted iron; two mangled human forms—that was all to be seen!

The audience burst into a fearful cry. Men leaped over the barriers, the queen swooned amid her ladies, the king sent down his officers to help, if help were possible, to the struggling mass of life and death before them!

Women wept outright and wrung their hands, and men stood blanched with fear.

But above them all rang out one piercing shriek—the heart-cry of the mother of the child!

They bore the mangled bodies away; and the wreath the mother held to crown her child lay in his little coffin, withered on his breast—under the gaslights!

THE VALLEY OF DEATH.

A TALE OF AFGHAN WAR.

CHAPTER I.

AN ASIATIC BEAUTY.

EVENING in Afghanistan, on a fine October day in 1841; the City of Cabul lying outspread in all the beauty of its countless gardens and many-colored towers beneath the sunset glory, the massive tomb of Baber, the Mogul, standing out like a giant sentinel against the crimson sky; the red light fading slowly over the wide green plain around, dotted with white villages, and framed in a ring of purple hills; the little river dancing and sparkling amid its clustering trees, and here and there along its endless banks of wooden houses a few turbaned figures gliding forth to enjoy the refreshing coolness of the coming night.

But the peaceful scene harmonizes ill with the stalwart figures in white frocks that come tramping along the main street—showing the light hair and clear blue eye of the Englishman beside the lank, wiry frame and dark, lean visage of the Sepoy—heeding as little the fierce looks darted at them from either side as the gleam cast on their bayonets by the setting sun.

The conquerors of India, on whose empire the sun never sets, have stretched covetous hands toward the free mountain-land beyond. Afghanistan has been invaded by an army.

The great Ameer, Dost Mohammed himself, is on his way to Peshawur as a prisoner, and sixteen thousand troops hold Cabul in the name of Shah Soojah, the new king, whom British bayonets have forced upon the "men of the mountain."

But the invaders, flushed with their easy victory, and ill restrained by their aged and incapable commander, are beginning to lose their discipline.

An experienced leader would augur mischief from the sounds of boisterous merriment echoing on every side, and the noisy groups swaggering to and fro, as unlike as possible to wary soldiers in the heart of an enemy's country.

At the corner of the principal streets, three or four of the loudest brawlers had halted and spread themselves out as if to stop some one who wished to pass.

"Hollos, Bill!" cried a rough voice; "'ere's a prize. Who'll bid for a share?"

"Share and share alike, as good comrades ought!" said a second, with a coarse laugh. "Let's have a look at the little baggage."

And, so speaking, he tore away the veil of the slight figure which his comrade had seized, revealing the face of a young native girl of sixteen.

The next moment the aggressor started back with a howl of pain, as the small knife, which in every Afghan woman's inseparable companion, gashed his extended hand from side to side. But the frail weapon was instantly wrested from her, while half a dozen strong hands seized the struggling form in their brutal grasp.

Just at that critical moment, a blow, which the late Senator Morrissey himself might have applauded, sent the foremost assailant sprawling on his back, while the others reeled right and left before the shock of a tall figure that came bursting in among them like a bombshell, scattering them in all directions.

"Now, then! who the deuce are you, shovin' in where you ain't wanted?" growled one of the soldiers, pugnaciously.

The new-comer deigned no reply, but silently threw back his cloak, displaying to the startled group the uniform of a line officer, and the badge of their own regiment. "By Jingo!" muttered the challenger, with a look of dismay, "here's a pretty job!"

"You call yourselves Englishmen?" cried the officer, in a voice almost inarticulate with passion. "Is this how you keep up the honor of the old flag? You shall hear of this to-morrow morning, be assured of that! Be off with you!"

The crestfallen brawlers slunk away without a word.

Then the rescued girl took her protector's hand in both her own, and pressed it lightly to her forehead, with an almost royal dignity, which, in one scarcely beyond the years of childhood, astonished even the unimaginative Englishman.

Though voted a model officer by his superiors, and an insensible brute by the ladies of the Peshawur garrison, Captain St. Clair was not yet so thoroughly "pipe-clayed" as to have lost his appreciation of feminine charms; and he could not but own that this young beauty of the wilderness, with the fire of her Afghan blood in her deep, lustrous eyes, and the supple grace of the Oriental in every line of her perfect figure, made such a picture as he had seldom seen.

In spite of himself, his voice softened as he asked, in her own language:

"Have they hurt you, my poor child?"

"I would have hurt them, had they not snatched away my knife," answered the Afghanee, proudly, as she pointed to the blood-drops that had fallen from her assailant's wound. "The daughter of Akbar Khan knows how to defend herself!"

"Akbar Khan!" echoed St. Clair, recalling, with a sense of vague uneasiness, for which he could not himself account, the name of the terrible chief whose influence among the hill tribes was only second to that of the Ameer himself. "But how come you here, then, when your father is away in the south?"

"I came—to visit—a friend of my father," said the girl, with a momentary hesitation which did not escape her questioner.

"She's lying, the little fox!" thought he; "but it's no business of mine."

Had any one told Herbert St. Clair at that moment what was the real errand of that delicate, childlike creature, even he might have been startled into thinking it "some business of his."

But both he and all his comrades were still as blind as ever to the black gulf of ruin which was already yawning to devour them all.

"I was going back," she continued, "to the friends who are waiting for me in yonder village, but I found the city gates shut."

"If that's your only difficulty," said the captain, "it is soon mended. Come with me."

A few minutes brought them to the eastern gate, and two words to the sentry sufficed to open it.

As the girl passed through the deep, shadowy archway, she looked wistfully back at her preserver, and paused for a moment, as if about to speak.

But the words, whatever they were, died on her lips, and St. Clair strolled back to his quarters, with a half smile upon his face at the thought of a romance which the sentimental subalterns would have rejoiced in falling to the lot of an "old stager" like himself.

Little did he dream that upon this seeming trivial occurrence hung not merely his own life, but that of every man in the English army.

CHAPTER II.

THE GATHERING OF THE VULTURES.

SIXTEEN days had passed since Captain St. Clair's adventure, and the night of the 5th of November found him slowly pacing the street where it had occurred, with a visible cloud on his handsome face.

Nothing, indeed, had yet happened to justify his anxiety. The city was still perfectly, almost unnaturally quiet, and the few natives still left in it seemed to content themselves with avoiding the English as much as possible.

But our hero was too thorough a soldier not to appreciate both the insecure position of the army and its commander's absolute want of skill, or even common sense. No reconnoitring parties sent out, no care taken to maintain the lines of communication, the troops encamped in the open town instead of in its impregnable citadel, discipline relaxed, and wanton insults daily offered to the native population. Such signs as these boded little good.

As the dying light faded slowly from tower and battlement the gathering darkness seemed to Herbert St. Clair like the deepening shadow of the grave. And then suddenly there came back to him the thought of the woman he had rescued; and he shuddered as he asked himself whether *she*, too, were in league with his enemies, and had betrayed him even while he was saving her.

The answer to that question was closer at hand than he imagined.

As he stood musing, hidden by the shadow of a projecting corner, two Afghans came slowly up the deserted street.

Just as they passed him he heard one say to the other:

"All is well, then; for the hill-tribes are with us to a man if Akbar Khan but lift his finger."

"It is said that the Khan would have held back," rejoined the other, "for he knew that the Feringhees (Europeans) are strong; but when he heard that these dogs (may Allah consume them!) had insulted his own daughter, Guloyaz, when she came hither in the last moon with the message to the chiefs of the city, he swore that not a man of the unbelievers should escape; and he will keep his oath!"

And the speaker's voice was lost in the distance.

St. Clair's heart grew chill within him as he listened. His worst suspicions were now fully confirmed, and the benumbing sense of secret treachery (of all things the most abhorrent to a brave man) oppressed him like a nightmare. Scarcely knowing what he did, he stepped forth, as if to follow the two conspirators, and found himself face to face with Guloyaz herself!

There she stood, in the ghostly twilight—calm and beautiful as ever, but with a sombre light in her large, dark eyes, such as one sees in those of the hungry tiger, who, after a long and weary circuit through the jungle, he sees the deer which he has been tracking, fairly within reach at last.

"Feringhee," said she, taking his hand, "you showed me kindness once, and Afghan never forgets either good or evil. Death is waiting for the English host, and I have come to save you ere it be too late."

"It is you, then, who have betrayed us!" said Herbert, with an intensity of scorn which no words can convey.

The taunt struck home. In an instant the tender, clinging woman sprang up into an offended queen.

"Betrayed!" echoed she, fiercely. "Is it treachery to aid my own race against its enemies? Why did the Feringhees come hither to waste our valleys and burn our homes? Why have they taken our own king from us, and set up in his stead a dog unworthy to tie an Afghan's sandals? But woe to them! Before the full moon shall have spent her light the dogs shall lick the blood of every Feringhee in Cabul!"

Herbert shrank back appalled, so hideously changed was that beautiful face by the sudden tempest of passion. But this movement of aversion

THE VALLEY OF DEATH.—"YOU COULD NEVER TEMPT AN ENGLISH SOLDIER TO BREAK HIS FAITH AND TAKE THE HAND OF A TRAITOR AND A MURDERER! DO YOUR WORST. I DEFY YOU!"

checked her rage in mid-current, and the warm, womanly heart beneath asserted itself once more.

"Do not be angry with me," she whispered, pleadingly; "no one shall harm you while I live. Hear me—the English are many and mighty, but what avails the tiger's strength when he is once in the toils? Every leaf on yonder hills is an Afghan warrior, every twig a loaded rifle. Escape while you can; I will guide you out of the city, and bid my friends keep you safe till all is over. Why should you perish in vain?"

As she spoke, there came over her hearer's noble face a smile of grand and commanding scorn. He drew up his towering figure to its full height, and met her beseeching eyes unflinchingly as he replied:

"Do you ask me to desert my comrades in their sorest need, just that I may save my own life? Thank you—such meanness does not run in our blood. If we are to die, we will die like brothers, shoulder to shoulder, striking hard and deep to the last, with the old English flag flying overhead!"

The girl looked at him—a look which, through all the horrors that were to come, he never forgot.

Grief, anger, tenderness, wondering admiration, were all mingled in the momentary flash of those marvelous eyes. Then she pressed his hand passionately to her lips and was gone.

Ha! What was that sudden glare that broke out over the whole eastern side of the town? And what could be the meaning of that dull, distant roar, like a far-off sea, swelling ever louder and louder, till the ear could distinguish the sharp crackle of musketry, the crash of falling buildings, the clamor of countless voices, and high over all the terrible Afghan war-shout, "Allah Akbar!"—God is victorious.

Just at that moment four soldiers, torn and blood-stained, came marching past, carrying a helpless, ghastly, dust-begrimed figure, in which even St.

THE VALLEY OF DEATH.—"THE GLOOM OF THE DUNGEON INTO WHICH ST. CLAIR HAD BEEN CAST WAS BROKEN BY A SUDDEN LIGHT. BEFORE HIM, WHITE AND RIGID, STOOD GULEYAZ."

Clair himself could scarcely recognize his once gay and dandified junior lieutenant.

"It's all up, old boy," said the lad. "The cursed niggers have fired our quarters and murdered poor Byrnes and ever so many more; and the whole town is up to help them. Nothing for it but to die game."

"Nothing, indeed," muttered Herbert. "God have mercy on us all!"

The next moment he was hastening at full speed toward the scene of action.

CHAPTER III.

THE VALLEY OF DEATH.

ALL historical catastrophes—armada wrecks, London pestilences, Saragossa sieges, Moscow

retreats—are wont to prolong the agony which they inflict, and to let fall their vengeance drop by drop, instead of mercifully ending all with one crushing blow.

So it fared with the ill-fated invaders of Cabul. The murder of Sir Alexander Burnes, the noblest of the countless martyrs sacrificed by official blunder-ing in that disastrous year, was only the first drop of the coming storm.

Then followed blow upon blow, the rising of the whole surrounding country, the destruction of the reconnoitring parties sent out too late by the in-capable commander-in-chief; the capture of the British stores, which left the troops almost without food, and at length, on the fatal 1st of January, 1842, the crowning madness of the "convention of retreat," by which the whole army gave itself up to its destroyers, accepting the assurance of a safe passage homeward from the very men who had sworn the death of every British soldier in Cabul.

Foremost in every combat was Herbert St. Clair, recklessly exposing himself to all dangers; for soldier as he was to his very finger-tips, the sight of an English flag dishonored, and an English army in retreat, bowed him down with a sense of personal disgrace, and made him careless of life after such a humiliation.

But, to the amazement of all who witnessed his reckless daring, he came out of every fight as scatheless as he had gone into it; and the convic-tion gradually forced itself upon him, with a thrill of mingled bitterness and delight, that the Afghans had purposely spared his life, and that they had done so because he was the man whom their great prince's daughter secretly loved.

Meanwhile the course of events went inexorably on. On the 6th of January, in the depth of the ter-rible Afghan Winter, the forlorn army—two-thirds of which were men reared amid the burning heat of India—filed through the gate of Cabul, wearied, de-jected, half-starved, ill-supplied with ammunition—to commence its long march of death.

For a time, however, it seemed as if the assur-ance of safety were really to be kept. They passed the great plain without firing a shot or seeing the face of an enemy, and even the most experienced officers began to hope that, after all, their worst apprehensions might prove unfounded.

But they little knew the man with whom they had to deal.

Akbar Khan was not one to let slip the prey which he had once ensnared, and the jaws of death were already gaping for every man of the ill-fated army.

In the gray of a gloomy Winter morning they came in sight of the Pass of Koord-Cabul, through which lay their shortest route to India.

At the first glimpse of the black, tomb-like gorge, shut in by frowning precipices, over which brooded a weird, unearthly silence, the boldest felt their hearts sink; but it was too late now to draw back. Sunk on rank, with the ghostly mist closing around them like a shroud, the doomed host went down into the valley of death.

And then, in one moment, the tragedy began.

Far and wide the air was rent with the Afghan war-shout, and each rock, each thicket, each hol-low was one blaze and crackle of musketry, every bullet telling fatally upon the helpless mass below.

Surprised and outnumbered, the English still stood their ground manfully, and attempted to return the fire, but against ambushed marksmen hundreds of feet overhead what could they do?

In a moment all was one whirl of fire and smoke and hideous uproar; yells of rage, shrieks of agony, savage onslaughts of officers, the neighing and plunging of frightened horses, the crash of falling rocks, the groans of the wounded and dying, all mingling in dismal chorus with the thunder of the battle—blood flowing like water, and death coming blindly, no man knew whence or how!

What need to dwell on the multiplied horrors of that fatal day? how the entrapped men, famished, wounded, hopeless of escape, fought stubbornly to the last; how the worn-out officers, with their swords dripping from their frost-bitten hands, still cheered on their fainting men as gallantly as ever; how one handful of heroes fought their way out of the deadly valley only to be slaughtered to a man by fresh enemies beyond.

Of sixteen thousand who had left the capital only a single man reached Jelalabad alive; and one day avenged alike Robilcund and Cabul.

Through the whole of the dreadful struggle Her-bert St. Clair had fought among the foremost, reck-less of life, and caring only to have his fill of Afghan blood before he died.

Man on man, the white-frocked murderers fell be-fore his deadly aim; and the rocks above began to echo with the cry of "Kill the Inglees Bashi!" (English captain), while bullets fell around him thick and fast.

But although his uniform was torn to rags, and his cap struck from his head, the death-ball still failed to reach his life; and the superstitious moun-taineers looked with secret awe upon this man, whom no weapon could harm and no peril dismay.

But the end came at last. A sharp, sudden pang shot through his left side—a sick dizziness over-powered him—the rocks and the rolling smoke, and the eddy of struggling figures, swam before him in a mist—there was a rushing, roaring sound in his ears—and he fell heavily to the earth.

CHAPTER IV.

TRUE TO THE LAST.

WHEN St. Clair regained consciousness, he was at first too weary to take much note of his surroundings. His chief feeling was one of overpowering exhaustion, mixed with a vague sense of having lain insensible for weeks, or even months, since the fatal day of Koord-Cabul.

Little by little he began to notice that he was lying upon a cushioned couch in a large, high-roofed chamber, the walls of which were hung with the skins of wolves and tigers, mingled with pointed hel-mets, silver-hilted yataghans, and long mountain rifles.

Through a narrow loophole in the wall, which revealed its immense thickness, he caught a glimpse of a smooth green valley far below, dappled with clustering trees, among which a tiny stream sparkled in the sunlight—a sufficient proof how long a time must have elapsed since the gloomy Winter morning of the great battle.

At that moment a light step caught his ear, and looking round, he beheld once more the long dark hair and lustrous eyes of Guleyza.

He was about to speak, but she signed to him to be silent.

"The Angel of Death still hovers over you, and you must beware. I will tell you all you wish to know. The Feringhees are slain, every man; and the coward whom they set up as our king has fled for his life. They who struck you down were men of another tribe, who knew nothing of my father's pledge; but our people recognized you among the fallen, and brought you away—and here, in the halls of Kara-Dagh, you are safe as beneath the shadow of the Prophet's tomb!"

The word "*Kara-Dagh*" (Black Mountain) was a revelation to St. Clair.

There was no further room for doubt. He was a prisoner in the mountain stronghold of Akbar Khan himself!

* * * * * * *

Day succeeded day, and the wounded officer, thanks to his own native vigor as well as the unrit-ing care of his charming nurse, began to shake off the lethal torpor which had held him down so long.

After a while he was able to leave his couch, and, supported by the arm of Guleyza—who seldom left him—to venture forth upon the battlements, where he sat for hours drinking in the life-giving mountain breeze, and feasting his eye upon the glorious pan-orama below.

Although he had as yet seen no one but the young princess herself, the sounds which reached him from time to time showed that the garrison of the fortress was both numerous and well-armed.

From Guleyza herself he had learned that her father was himself in the stronghold; and the reluc-tance with which she gave the information recurred to his memory more than once.

The reason of these precautions was at length ex-plained by a piece of news which made his heart leap, when the careless talk of two sentinels brought it to his ears—viz., that a second English army was advancing into Afghanistan to avenge the destruc-tion of its predecessor.

But these distorbing ideas were speedily banished by thoughts of a softer kind.

No living creature was more thoroughly accessible to female influence than a strong man suddenly made helpless; and Herbert, with the princess's soft arm supporting his weary head, and her musical voice repeating some stirring native war-song or romantic Eastern legend, was happier than he had ever been amid the rush and carnage of the battle-field.

At times, it is true, the thought would suggest it-self that Akbar Khan, the son of the deposed Ameer, and the deadliest enemy of England, could scarcely be disinterested in thus throwing his only daughter into the constant companionship of a foe and an un-believer.

But he resolutely thrust from him the only possible explanation, and, like most men in a similar case, was content to enjoy the present without troubling himself about the future.

But this pleasing dream was destined to a sudden and awful awakening.

One morning, when St. Clair's strength was so completely restored that thoughts of escape had already begun to haunt him, Guleyza rose to leave him much before her usual time, with a long, linger-ing, beseeching look, which her last words terribly explained:

"The Feringhee warriors are on their march hither, and my father is angry. This day he will send for you, and, oh! beware of offending him, for your own sake—and mine!"

An iron door, which seemed to him that hid his door was lifted, and a deep voice said:

"Follow us, Inglees! The Khan calls for you."

Led by his guards, St. Clair traversed a seemingly endless passage, and entered a wide hall, around which stood a line of armed Afghans, motionless as statues.

In the centre sat the principal chiefs of the tribe, and hindmost of all the stately figure of Akbar him-self, in all the splendor of his barbaric adornment, with the folds of his jeweled turban overshadowing the fierce black eyes that had never known fear or mercy.

As the prisoner entered Guleyza (who was seated beside her father) shot one rapid glance at him, as if to bid him remember her warning, and then cast her eyes down as before.

There was a momentary pause, and then Akbar spoke:

"Feringhee, you are a brave warrior; and as chief speaks with chief, so will I speak with you. We have slain many of the Inglees, and their brethren are angry. War is at our gates, and we need every good sword that will fight for us. Hear me; we have fought with you as an enemy—we now embrace you as a friend. You have been valiant, and we respect your valor; you have been kind, and we are grateful for your kindness. Dwell among us, fight in our ranks, call yourself an Afghan instead of a Feringhee—and my wealth shall be your wealth, and I will be your father, and my daughter shall be your bride."

For one moment the brave man's pulse throbbed wildly, as the large, deep eyes that had so often looked love into his own rested on him imploringly. Few men could have met that glance unmoved; while, on the other hand, he knew that to refuse such an offer from such a man would be rushing upon certain death, in the cruelest form that Afghan vengeance could devise. But in the face of the ter-rible temptation the English heart within him beat true as ever. He looked fearlessly into the merci-less eyes that watched him, and his voice never wavered as he replied:

"Prince, you have spoken plainly, and I thank you. Your offers are great; but were you to offer me the Afghan crown itself, you could never tempt an English soldier to break his faith and take the hand of a traitor and a murderer. Do your worst—I defy you!"

Even the iron men around him shuddered to hear such words addressed to their terrible leader, and the daring speech was followed by a dead and awful silence.

A momentary spasm of rage shook the prince's granite-hewn face, succeeded by a look of stern and reluctant admiration—the savage's instinctive admiration of courage, even in a mortal enemy. He spoke at length, with a calmness more deadly than the loudest anger:

"It is enough—take him away!"

The guards led forth the captive, and mingling with their heavy tramp came the doomed man's last words: "God save Old England!"

* * * * * * *

The silence of midnight brooded over the ancient palace, when the gloom of the dungeon into which St. Clair had been cast was broken by a sudden light.

Before him, white and rigid as a corpse in the spec-tral glare of her lamp, stood Guleyza, with her finger pressed warningly to her lips. In silence she held out to him the tunic and gaudy turban of an Afghan warrior, signifying to him to put them on.

He obeyed mechanically, like one in a dream, and the moment the disguise was complete she led him hastily to the door.

Outstretched on the floor outside lay the sentinel, evidently stupefied by some powerful narcotic, by whom administered Herbert could easily guess.

Pausing a moment to assure herself that all was still in the castle, Guleyza went straight to the end of the passage and opened a small iron door, locking it behind her as soon as they had entered.

What followed Herbert could never clearly re-call. He had only a vague recollection of tracking the gloomy windings of a dismal cavern, from whose damp, cozy sides the water fell drop by drop, with a sullen splash, which was the only sound that broke the eternal silence.

One of these drops extinguished the lamp, but Guleyza's burning hand seized his own in the dark-ness, and led him onward he knew not whither.

At length, after a seemingly endless interval, an-other door flew open before them, and St. Clair, with a delight which no words can convey, felt the cool night-air on his cheek, and saw the stars shin-ing overhead.

"There lies your road," said his guide, pointing down the valley. "The armies of your people cannot be far off now. May Allah keep you safe till you reach them."

"And you?" asked Herbert, with a sudden im-pulse of tenderness, as the tremor of her voice told him she was weeping. "They will know that it is you who have saved me, and then——"

"Who cares what happens to me?" answered the girl, passionately. "When the dew that re-freshed it is gone, what matter how soon the flower withers? I have saved your life—I care not how soon I lose my own."

"Never, by heaven!" said St. Clair, throwing his strong arm around her and kissing her as if his whole soul were poured into the caress. "I'm not such a cur as to sneak off in safety, and leave my little ewe-lamb to these mountain-wolves. Come with me, darling; and may I be called coward be-fore the whole regiment if anything but death ever part us two again!"

* * * * * * *

Years later, the story of that flight sorely tried the faith of the guests at Clairmount Park; but still harder did they find it to recognize the savage ama-zon of Cabul in the beautiful and highbred lady to whom Sir Herbert St. Clair was wont to say play-fully:

"My dear, I've been telling these gentlemen about our Afghan adventures in 1842."

ROY, THE RANGER.

A Tale of the Mexican War.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE PASS OF ANGOSTURA.

WHILE this avalanche of war was descending from the mountains General Taylor was not idle.

General Wool was in command at Saltillo when the tidings were received of Santa Anna's advance. General Taylor hastened at once to his assistance.

General Taylor sent for Roy.

"Now, Captain Bellingham," he said, "here's an opportunity to try your skill again. I want you to find out for me just where Santa Anna is, and you are just the man to do it."

"I'll try, general," replied Roy, with his accus-tomed modesty.

"Very good; but be cautious. Don't engage the enemy unless you are obliged to. The information of the position of Santa Anna's army is what I want."

"You shall have it, general."

With this assertion Roy withdrew, and hurried to that section of the town where his company was quartered.

The little troop of rangers were soon in readiness, and Roy and Tom put themselves at its head.

When they left the town Roy gave the word for a swift gallop, and they went forward at a rapid pace for over an hour.

The shades of night now began to gather round them, and the pace was checked.

Half way between Saltillo and Agua Nueva he deemed it prudent to proceed with more caution, as they might come upon a picket-post of the enemy unexpectedly.

Their progress continued until Roy suddenly reined in his steed, and cried:

"Halt!" peering curiously before him.

"What's up?" inquired Tom, and he felt for a pistol in his right-hand holster.

"There appears to be an obstruction in the road."

"What kind of an obstruction?"

"It looks like a tree fallen across the road."

Tom glanced around him suspiciously.

"This is a nice place for an ambush," he said. "Keep your weather-eye peeled."

"I intend to. Forward, but walk your horses," he said to his men.

They advanced toward the obstruction in the road, which they soon reached.

"A tree! Why, here's two or three trees!" cried Tom.

"Yes; and they have been placed there to stop any wagons from passing. There must be a picket-post near by."

Scarcely had the last word died upon Roy's lips than a musket-report was heard, and a bullet came whistling between Roy and Tom.

"Great Jehoshaphat!" exclaimed Tom. "We've found a hornet's nest, and woke the hornets up!"

"

"And those are the watch-fires of Santa Anna's army?"

"Yes."

"How many men do you think he has?"

"They say twenty thousand."

"Great Jehoshaphat!" exclaimed Tom. "I'm afraid that's more than we can get away with."

"Not if our army held this pass," rejoined Roy. "Our batteries planted here, would sweep down column after column of the enemy as they advanced."

"Well, it is a strong position, that's a fact," answered Tom, casting a critical glance around.

"I should like to take a closer survey of that camp," said Roy. "Will you go with me, Ricardo?"

"Yes," responded the Mestizo; "but if you are caught you will be shot."

"I am well aware of that fact," responded Roy, quietly.

"So am I!" cried Tom. "That's a very sensible remark of our copper-colored friend. I think we have seen enough. Let's take the back track."

"I am going into that camp," replied Roy, with decision. "I can readily pass myself off as a Mexican, in case of an emergency, and Ricardo being with me will aid the deception."

"If you can trust him," whispered Tom.

"I can, and will. Draw the men into this ravine here between the cliffs, conceal yourselves and horses, post two sentinels, and await my return."

"How long will you be gone?"

"That's hard telling."

Roy drew forth his watch and consulted it.

"It is now a quarter past twelve," he continued. "Favored by the darkness I think I can avoid the pickets and enter the camp; but I would like to have a look at it by daylight."

"Oh, Jehoshaphat! You would not take that risk!"

"Why not?"

"Did you ever see a lobster-trap?"

"Eh! no; why?" inquired Roy, somewhat surprised by this question.

"A lobster-trap is constructed on principles of great ingenuity," continued Tom, with owlish gravity.

"How so?"

"It is the easiest thing imaginable for the lobster to get into the trap, and the hardest thing possible for him to get out of it."

Roy did not fail to see the point of this observation.

"This camp is not a lobster-trap," he said.

"You may find it so."

"I'll risk it."

"I never saw you when you wasn't willing to risk something. But you know what I have often told you; the pitcher that——"

"I shall not be back until after daybreak. Keep a sharp lookout, and don't be too anxious about me."

Tom shook hands with Roy affectionately.

"Good-by, old boy," he said, "and be careful."

"I will. If you get into trouble here while I am gone, fight your way back to the camp."

"I will. I'll be on the lookout for you."

Roy and Ricardo rode on, and Tom and the rangers dismounted and led their horses into the ravine, which effectually sheltered them from the observation of any one passing along the road that led through the pass.

Favored by the darkness, for though the moon shone, there were deep shadows cast by the rocks and trees, Roy and Ricardo moved cautiously forward, availing themselves of these shadows to avoid the pickets.

In this manner they reached the camp guard of the main body. Roy reconnoitered the camp in order to ascertain its length.

The morning light compelled him by the time he had completed his observations, and then he found himself entangled amid the enemy's pickets, and in full view of their main army.

It was a critical position. To be captured was certain death, yet escape seemed impossible.

But Roy had prepared himself for just such an emergency.

"Ricardo," he said to his faithful guide, "here are the five gold pieces I promised you. I am about to return to my comrades. I shall ride boldly up to the pickets and represent myself to be a Mexican officer. If I am detected, your being with me may involve you in some peril, so you can go your way, and I will go mine."

"I will go with you," answered Ricardo." "

"It may be to death."

"Still I will go."

"But these men are your countrymen."

Ricardo shrugged his shoulders disdainfully.

"They are no countrymen of mine," he answered; "there is no Spanish blood in my veins. My mother was a Peon girl, my father an Englishman, who was an overseer in the mines of San Luis Potosi. What care I whether North American or Mexican conquers in the strife? It is all one to me. Let me go to your camp with you. I am curious to see your army. It fights well."

"So be it!" responded Roy. "You shall be attached to my company if you like. Come on.) If we are challenged you must second all I say."

They rode forward, and Roy reflected:

"This man cannot betray me if he would, for he does not know my name or rank, but I think he is honest."

In daylight it was impossible to pass the pickets without being observed, and Roy knew that a bold course was the only one that led to safety, and so he did not seek to avoid the pickets, but rode boldly up to them.

He was speedily halted, and interrogated by the officer of the post.

"Who are you?"

"Captain Roy Bellerino," answered Roy, giving his name a Spanish sound, with a remembrance of the way Donna Eusebia had pronounced it.

"To what regiment do you belong?"

"Colonel Falconio," answered Roy, knowing that it must be impossible for the officer to be acquainted with the names of all the colonels in that hastily organized army.

"Whither away, captain?"

"To Agua Nueva, with a message for General Minon."

The officer rolled a couple of cigarettes whilst he put these questions.

"Who is this with you?"

"Ricardo, the chief vaquero of my hacienda."

The officer presented one of the cigarettes to Roy.

"A pleasant ride to you, captain."

Ricardo drew a match, lit it and gave it to the officer to light his cigarette. He did so, and then handed the match to Roy, who ignited his.

"Adios!"

Roy and Ricardo rode away.

(To be continued.)

"Roy the Ranger" was commenced in No. 351.

LONG JIM, THE SCOUT;

Or,

The Death Valley of the Apaches.

By HENRY R. BRISBANE.

CHAPTER XV.

TWO OTHER LOVERS—A BRAVE ACT—A STRANGE INTERCESSION.

We beg our readers' indulgence for our long neglect of Will McCormick and his lady companion, whose experience deserves to rank among the most extraordinary that ever came to a couple that ventured to enter the great State of Texas.

What befell them up to the time they became separated from Inez Melville on the island is already sufficiently well known.

Although the understanding was that the three should remain apart, so long as they were acting the *rôle* of sentinels, yet Will McCormick, as was suspected by Inez, managed to shorten the distance between his station and that of Flora to that extent that it was practically abolished.

The situation was not perilous enough to prevent this trifling young man from making love to his companion, nor was she sensible enough to refuse to listen to his ill-timed words.

McCormick was seated on the ground close to her, where the moon's light reached them, and no lovesick swain could have been more sentimental than was he.

He was entirely oblivious of the fact that the fate of himself and both ladies was probably depending upon his watchfulness.

It was not long before he was aroused from this forgetfulness.

He was in the midst of one of his most glowing, fervent speeches, when Flora uttered a slight scream.

"What is the matter?" he asked, tenderly squeezing her hand.

"Look there!" she replied, and as he turned his head, he saw there was good cause for her alarm.

When McCormick sat down beside his beloved, he set his rifle against a tree near at hand, and the gun was now in the grasp of an Apache warrior, who had risen up from the grass as though he were the shadow of some passing body!

While the young man looked, he saw a second and third come up to view, and he felt he was at the mercy of a trio of redskins, who were not likely to be troubled with compunctions of conscience, no matter what they meditated.

The situation was embarrassing, to put it mildly, and while the lover was trying to make up his mind what he ought to do, one of the redskins spoke:

"Keep still—don't speak—Apache won't kill."

This was accepted as a promise that if they would hold their tongues and make no outcry they would not be harmed.

Of course they accepted the proposal, and when commanded to rise to their feet, they did so without a word, and followed their captors to the edge of the stream.

Here their two horses were found awaiting them, and they expected to meet Inez also.

But it is known that such was not be.

When they were mounted, the three Indians did the same, and they started for the mainland, the depth of the stream being such that there was no difficulty at all.

A few minutes sufficed to carry them to the shore, where the Indian that had addressed them in broken English withdrew, and left them in charge of the other two.

The whites were conducted some distance inland, but somewhere from the stream, until they reached a hut, in which a small camp-fire was burning, its situation being so low and its size so small that it was not seen until they were almost upon it.

Here were four more warriors, and McCormick, who had been nursing some wild ideas of escape up to this moment, gave them over, and made up his mind that if his rescue came at all it must come at the hands of some one else.

It cannot be said that either he or Flora was as much concerned for their own safety as were Dick and Inez.

Little was said to the two captives during the few hours they remained there, the principal reason probably being that none of the warriors were able to make themselves understood in English.

McCormick's greatest dread was that some of the filthy wretches might insult his companion, who had no thoughts of any such thing.

Fortunately, however, they were in a mood to let the two quietly alone, reserving their diabolical intentions for some future occasion.

At the end of two hours a move was made, and the party started in the westerly direction from which they were seen to be following at the time Dick Harrod was viewing them from the top of the tree with the aid of his spyglass.

This was kept up until daylight, when they made a halt, as if waiting for some one.

Such proved to be the case, for the same Apache who had taken such an active part in this dreadful business came up and joined them.

There followed a few words of earnest conversation, and then the journey was resumed toward the West.

McCormick and Flora recognized the warrior the moment they caught a glimpse of his face, and they came to the conclusion that they were not likely to receive any consideration at his hands.

The lovers were riding along side by side, with the Apaches distributed all about them, when the savage galloped up beside them, and in his grunting, jerky way said:

"You think Apache bad man—you think so?"

These words seemed to address to the two, without distinguishing one from the other.

"You had better not make any answer," said Flora, fearful that her attendant would say something to exasperate him to some deed of violence.

"I will not if he wants."

"You said he bad," added the redskin. "We take them to Auka-Yata. There they die."

Seeming to think he had said enough for them to meditate over, the Indian rejoined a couple of his companions, and took part in an earnest conversation that was going on between them.

"What does he mean by Auka-Yata?" asked Flora, when they were left together for a few minutes.

McCormick had heard the name mentioned in Austin by some of the Texan rangers whom he was accustomed to meet there, but he could not recall what it signified.

He was quite sure, however, that it was an omen of dreadful import, and he shuddered even while he answered his companion.

"The words belong to his own tongue: I have no idea what they mean, and I hope it is of no importance to know."

The journey progressed without incident until in the afternoon, when one of the horses fell a little lame, so that a slowing of their rate of progress took place.

The Apache who had uttered his threats did not trouble them much more with his presence during the day, though they were in constant expectation that he would take some method of showing his deadly hatred, which appeared to be as great toward one as the other.

There seemed to be little prospect of the escape of Inez, whose situation they considered fully as hopeless as their own; for, according to all human reasoning, there was no way by which she could be extricated from the frightful danger in which she had been left by her companions when carried away captives.

It did not occur to either of them that the warrior whose enmity was of such a deadly nature toward them could feel any different toward Inez Melville.

As the evening wore on they began making their way into the region in which the place of torment known as Auka-Yata was located, their purpose being to reach it before the night closed in.

It was fortunate for the peace of mind of the captives that they had no knowledge of the horrible intentions of the Indians.

The belief of McCormick was that he and his companion would be taken captives to some of the Apache villages, where there would come to them after the arrival of all of a dozen warriors whom the captives had never seen before.

They were a hideously-painted set of wretches, whose very appearance would have caused a shudder on the part of the bravest man if he knew he was placed at their mercy.

They showed no little interest in the couple of unfortunates, and looked at and addressed them several times, but as their words were uttered in the Apache tongue, their meaning remained a mystery to the ears to which they were directed.

Coming over to where they were seated, their former persecutor placed himself so near Inez that she recoiled with a shudder.

"Think Apache bad man?" said he, in the same low, angry voice that he had shown earlier in the evening.

The girl did not see that anything was to be gained by attempting any further flattery. The disseminating of McCormick had been read by the warrior, who, having made up his mind to enjoy all the sweetness of revenge, was not to be dissuaded therefrom by any repentance on the part of the captives.

He was in that mood that nothing but revenge itself could placate him.

"I think he is a bad man; he is a coward."

"Flora," interrupted her lover, in alarm, "be careful; you know not what you are doing."

"I do. He is a great coward to insult me in this manner, because I am a prisoner. You know I hate the loathsome creature."

The Apache did not expect to hear himself referred to in this style, and, as he understood the whole force of what was said, it may be supposed that he was furious.

Such was the case, and he laid his hand upon his knife—one of which he had managed to secure—as much concerned for the insult with instant death.

If he meant to repay the insult with instant death. If he restrained himself at the critical moment, as if he reflected that by so doing he would rob himself and his comrades of a much dearer revenge.

Shoving the weapon back in place, he reached out his muscular arm and thrust it about the waist of the horrified girl.

It all took place so quickly that none of the spectators and not even Flora herself, could tell exactly how it was done; but the sacrilegious arm was scarcely thrown around her form when her woman's instinct came to her rescue.

As quick as a flash the little pistol was drawn from her pocket, and pointing it at the face of the Indian who so grossly insulted her, she discharged three of the barrels into his skull before he suspected that he was in the least danger, or could take any precautions against it.

Never was Apache finished more completely than he.

He had not time even to utter his death-yell, but toppled over to the ground as dead as a doornail.

The girl had done a good and proper thing in defending her honor, but it looked as if it was to be of no avail in such an assemblage of wretches as those by whom she was surrounded.

McCormick felt that the last desperate struggle was at hand, and he showed a high courage that was scarcely to be expected of him.

He had been allowed to retain his rifle, as if his captors desired to show their contempt for anything he could do, and stepping to the front of the maiden, he raised the weapon, prepared to shoot down the first assailant that dared advance upon her or him.

Heaven favors the truly brave, and never was its beneficence more signally displayed than in the present instance.

A minute more and he would have been hewn in pieces, when a murderous volley was poured in among the panting warriors, and a party of United States cavalry charged down upon them with the resistless sweep of the tropical tornado. All were veterans, accustomed to this kind of business, as they had proven by stealing up so close without detection from the savages, who are generally prepared for such assaults from their foes.

The soldiers did not shoot, for that was against their principles, but they ascended to their work, which was of the most effective and merciless character.

No sooner were the rifles with which they were provided emptied than they thundered down among the wretches, and their cavalry pistols about completed the work which their larger weapons left.

Right and left, here, there and everywhere they fired, wherever they could see a form to aim at, while others drew their swords, and the business never flagged. The slaughter was terrific.

Never were Indians taken more utterly by surprise.

They were quick to comprehend the fearful manner in which the tables had been turned upon them, and all they could do was to try and get away without any attempt to defend themselves.

Fleet-footed as they were, some of them succeeded, but they were very few, and when at last the dreadful work stopped, there were no more than one or two left to tell the story of how the entrance to Auka-Yata had proven more frightful to them than the Death Valley had proven to many of their victims.

It was all done in such a hurricane fashion that the two captives had no more than time to comprehend what was going on when it was finished.

McCormick was able to catch the idea that the Apaches were receiving what they deserved, when he discharged his gun at a flying figure, and reaped the satisfaction of knowing that he had contributed to that extent in ridding the earth of one of the pests that had cursed it too long.

Flora stood her ground until she realized that she was saved, when she succumbed and fainted dead away. The soldiers that gathered around them were rough, but they possessed kind hearts, and they offered their tallest sympathy to the lady that had been placed in such awful peril.

The cavalry numbered precisely twenty men, who had been out on a scout, and were on their return to Fort Millord, a station near the Colorado.

They were a little off their course, having been induced to make the detour by one of their men, who told them that they were in the neighborhood of Auka-Yata, the Death Valley of the Apaches.

They scarcely expected to find any of their enemies there, but while on their way to the spot they discovered signs that told they were close to a party of the very marauders they had set out to punish.

They made a reconnoissance, and seeing that they had a couple of prisoners, the arrangements were made at once not only to rescue the captives but to punish their abductors.

The readers have learned how effectually they did this part of the contract.

When the commander of the squad learned where the couple were from, he told them that they were on the way back to the post on the Colorado, and he advised them that the best thing they could do was to accompany him on his return.

Both McCormick and Flora were decidedly of the same opinion, and they gladly accepted the offer of the officer to return with such an escort that could guarantee them against all harm.

But now that they were safe, they expressed their concern for Dick Harrod and Inez Melville, and besought the leader of cavalry to do what he could to effect their rescue.

He was willing to assist the captives to the fullest extent of his ability; but as there was no telling where the two were, he was at a loss to see in what way he could befriend them.

If McCormick would point out where they were, he would sail in again, and would be glad of another chance to chastise the redskins that were committing such havoc along the border.

This, of course, McCormick was unable to do, as the last he knew of his former companion was when he was fleeing from a party of Apaches on the other side the river, where the attack was first made.

As the best thing that could be done, the officer agreed to lead his men in that direction, as he knew where the island was located, having once had a brush with the redskins at that very spot.

As he was now in a dangerous section, he was not willing to make his encampment on the scene of his recent fight, and the company started out of the valley on a gallop, passing the crouching form of Dick Harrod, neither suspecting the identity of the other in the darkness.

The party had ridden some distance in this rapid manner, it occurred to McCormick that his friend might attempt to follow them, in which case he would be sure to ride into Auka-Yata, unless he was warned of his danger.

So a brief halt was made, and the letter was written which has been given elsewhere, the paper being furnished by the officer himself, while McCormick wrote in the days.

It was fastened to the pine which grew along the path, the position being so conspicuous that they were certain it would be seen if Dick should ride that way.

In this also they were right, as our readers have learned long ago.

It seems a pity that the two imperilled lovers should have been so near safety, and were yet doomed to miss it by such a narrow chance, and yet such was the fact.

The cavalry had been doing hard riding all day, but they were well acquainted with that section of the country, and they had no trouble to find an excellent camping-ground.

This was less than a half mile from where Inez Melville and Dick Harrod were encamped at the same moment.

But the nature of the country was such that for all practical purposes they might as well have been a dozen miles apart.

When morning dawned all were in the saddle again, and in accordance with his promise the officer led his men to the island which had been named as the one where they were likely to find the young lady.

Of course they failed in this, as they did in discerning any one else.

An examination of the "signs," as they are called by frontiersmen, was translated by some of the most skilful scouts, who declared that the girl had left the place accompanied by some young man, who was set down as her lover.

This placed the two out of the province of the cavalry to help, as they might be led on a chase of many miles and days without being able to draw near a couple so well mounted as they were.

The officer was also under orders of his superior, who had instructed him to come in with his men the day before, so he had no time to spare by way of experiment.

Accordingly, the ride toward the Colorado was resumed, and the company reached it within three days after, without anything happening worthy of note.

The lovers had seen enough of the Apache country to satisfy them and they concluded to finish their wooing in a region of a more civilized nature, all of which was done.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE BACK TRAIL—COMANCHE.

The reading of the note pinned to the dwarfed pine caused a feeling of consternation on the part of Dick Harrod and Inez Melville.

LONG JIM, THE SCOUT.—"STEPPING TO THE FRONT OF THE MAIDEN, HE RAISED THE WEAPON, PREPARED TO SHOOT DOWN THE FIRST ASSAILANT THAT DARED ADVANCE UPON HER OR HIM."—SEE PAGE 375.

In the first place, the words were of that character that they put before the two in the strongest light the great danger in which they were placed.

The young man had heard of the fearful place known along the frontier as Anka-Yate, and he shuddered with horror to reflect that he had been riding for hours directly toward it. Following these thoughts were the emotions of gratitude, and the highest pleasure, at learning that their friends had actually escaped from the power of the Apaches when the two lovers had resigned themselves to the belief that it was one of the human impossibilities.

Dick wheeled his horse at once, and the steeds were struck into a rapid gallop, with a view of getting out of the accursed region with no more delay than was possible to avoid.

Had he known of the terrific punishment administered the Apaches by the cavalry, he would have been pleased, but his desire to get away would not have been lessened thereby.

"It was a wise and thoughtful thing in Will," said Dick, as they rode along, and breathed more freely when they saw the progress made, "in tacking up that warning, which, I doubt not, was the means of saving our lives; but he did it in such a hurry that he forgot a thing or two of scarcely less importance."

"What were they?"

"The cavalry could have given him explicit directions as to how he ought to proceed to reach the Melville Ranch. Why didn't he leave a record of that for us?"

"He did not think we would keep on in the attempt to reach it, after learning what had befallen them; don't you remember, he told us to follow them, as we were off the track?"

"I suppose that was his reason, though his oversight is to be regretted none the less."

By the time the sun was well up in the sky the two were nearly out of the valleys, ravines and gullies, and they began to breathe more freely, like persons who, after spending hours among the Catacombs of Paris, emerge into the glorious sunlight of heaven again.

There could be no doubt that they needed to turn to the right—that is, as they were making their way to this region—which would make the journey in a northwest direction.

Dick knew that Melville Ranch lay toward that point of the compass, and the instructions that Inez had received in her letters from her father and brother impressed the same fact on her.

As soon, therefore, as they reached the open country, the change was made, and their animals were ridden as hard as if the owners were sure they were going in a direct line for the home of Colonel Joseph Melville.

They talked of the escape of their friends, which they agreed was one of the most remarkable that had ever been heard of.

They would have been tempted to believe that their old acquaintance, the Apache, had borne a hand in the business, but for the statement of McCormick that they had been rescued.

Off to the right were visible the range of hills which had served them as a guide the day before, and which Dick thought ought to be turned to the same account to-day.

"Have you no recollection of having heard those hills referred to?" he asked of the young lady.

"Of course I have; how is it that I did not think of it before, and thus save us from losing so much valuable time?"

"Well, what is it you have to tell me?" continued Dick, quite hopeful that he was on the eve of learning important information.

"When Ned wrote to me, describing the journey overland to the ranch, I remember he said he had a beautiful range of hills on his right for several days after leaving the Colorado. He said these hills—some of which were high enough to be called mountains—served as a beacon light to them, for their route led alongside until they were close to the ranch. I cannot understand how it was that I did not think of it before."

"Your forgetfulness was not half as inexcusable as mine, for I was told the same thing."

"I do not understand."

"You remember that express messenger by whom you sent your letter to your father? Well, he told me what you have just related."

"What was it he said?"

"It was natural that I should try and learn all I could from him about the road which was so unfamiliar to us and so familiar to him. He said the trail was not well-marked, and that we were liable to lose it unless we remembered one thing, and that was, for the greater part of the route it led along a range of hills which would be seen shortly after leaving the river."

"Those must be the ones, then."

"There can be no doubt of that. We had them in sight all the time, and yet we allowed ourselves to drift away from them and wander off into the most terrible region in the whole extent of this vast country. It was a strange piece of forgetfulness all round, when we both felt there was so much depending on our going right."

"But these hills end before we reach the ranch."

"But not soon enough to give us any excuse for going wrong again."

"Did he warn you against any portion of the trail as being more dangerous than the rest?"

"He told me that from the moment he got out of sight of the post where he left us we were liable to have our scalps taken. We have found out that he spoke the truth in that respect, at least."

"He had no reason not to speak it in all other references he made for our benefit. We have lost so much time that I am distressed at the thought that it will cause father a great deal of anxiety."

"In what way?"

"After getting my letter, which must have reached him long before this, he will know at what time I ought to arrive at the ranch, and when I do not appear, he will believe that something has happened, and when something does happen in this part of the world it is something indeed."

"But at the time the messenger left we had a lame horse in our party, and he will make allowance for that."

"But he will be alarmed even if he knows that we have a good strong escort. We have seen enough of the country to gain a more vivid idea of the dangers that threaten all travelers that attempt to go through it."

"We have surely learned enough to say that if we had known half as much we would never have made the effort to cross it."

"Well, he knew all that long ago, and so he will have good cause to believe we shall never reach him."

"There doesn't seem to be any way of disproving that, and I have a dread that when I meet him face to face he will give me the sharpest kind of hauling over for being a party to such a wild scheme."

"I have no more doubt that he will than I have that you deserve it," replied Inez, with a laugh.

"However, the offense, I hope will not prove a mortal one, and if you will intercede for me, I think we can convince him that I am not deserving very terrible punishment."

Inez laughed again, and promised that she would do all she could to mollify the anger of her parent, and part of which she admitted ought to be visited upon her own head.

After the night of gloom, and after learning that their friends were safe and that they themselves were on the right track, it was natural that they should experience some of their usual buoyancy of spirits.

The old lovelight came into the eye of Dick as he looked upon the beautiful form beside him, and listened to the music of her voice, which never sounded sweeter than now.

And it must be believed that Inez herself, though she said not a word to give encouragement to the hope, could not but feel that the noble young man had done much to awaken a deeper feeling than that of mere friendship for his services in her behalf.

If she did not reciprocate in kind the tender expressions he made as they rode over the prairie, she certainly failed to check them, and showed no displeasure at the sweet utterances, and that is about all the encouragement that a fervent lover cares for. It is not words so much as looks and manner, at such a time, that cause the heart to bound and throb with the bliss of love.

As there was no manner of doubt that they were following the right course, it was willingly agreed by the lovers that they should press ahead without any delay, and make all the time that was possible before the setting of the sun.

Dick was prudent enough to take with him sufficient of the cooked meat of the antelope to answer all their wants, so there could be no occasion to stop only for a brief time, more on account of their horses than themselves.

There was enough water on the way, as the lovers had learned from those who had traversed the road before them, to relieve the two of all anxiety on that account.

While there are many portions of Texas in which the want of water is one of the most serious drawbacks, yet there are hundreds of square miles in other sections where the lack is never known.

Especially among the mountainous portions, the hunter is nearly always sure of securing that indispensable necessity of life, and all the two companions had to remember in the present case was to keep as close to the range of hills on their right as they could without interfering with their travel, and they would never feel the need.

The ride through the greater portion of this day was one of the most delightful that the lovers had enjoyed since their start upon the expedition.

Their spirits rebounded from the fearful depression of the night before, and the air was pleasant enough to make the exercise of riding of the most enjoyable nature.

In looking back, and thanking God for delivering them from the many perils to which they had been exposed, it was their privilege also to return thanks for the marked manner in which He had befriended their friends when in the very valley of the shadow of death.

They were mounted upon two of the best and fastest mustangs of the Southwest, and, in case of pursuit, they were able to do more than hold their own against any that could be brought against them.

There was the prospect that two or three days more of this hard, or rather easy, kind of riding would take them to Melville Ranch, where all dangers would be ended for the time.

And besides, and far above all these, they were in love with each other—so that this memorable journey was lacking in nothing to make it one of the rarest of pleasures to both.

We have not the space to tell all the sweet, loving words that Dick Harrod uttered in the ears of the blushing Inez, nor can we describe the coy happiness with which she listened and chided him when his own great passion made him too bold, and caused him to say things which at any other time he would not have believed he had the courage to utter in her hearing. Those were happy hours, indeed, the memory of which could never die so long as reason and recollection should hold their sway.

The miles flew unheeded beneath the hoofs of their mustangs, which seemed in sympathy with their oblivious owners, and they continued their swinging gait, to which they had become accustomed by much experience on the plains and among the mountains.

When the sun had been some time beyond the meridian, Inez noticed how the time had flown, and as the day was becoming rather warm, she proposed that they should approach the hills somewhat closer, where there were shade and water, and give their steeds the rest to which they were fairly entitled. This was thoughtful, and was adopted without delay.

They found themselves obliged to go but a short way when the very spot they were seeking was found, and they dismounted and attended—or rather Dick attended—to the wants of their noble beasts.

There was not much grass growing in this particular spot, but the water was as refreshing to the humans as to the steeds themselves.

The pause lasted something over an hour, which was all that the mustangs required, they having become hardened to the roughest kind of traveling and privation.

There were no threatening clouds in the sky when the lovers mounted their animals again, and they counted themselves fortunate that they had been favored with such unusually fine weather ever since their departure upon the attempt to cross the prairies to the ranch in the Northwest.

The only noticeable change in the general nature of the country during the afternoon was a greater dryness in the soil than they had observed heretofore.

This section looked as if it had been suffering from a drought, though there was no evidence of any drying up of the streams which were encountered at intervals.

The soil itself became dusty beneath the hoofs of their horses, and now and then there were gusts of wind in the distance which filled the air with clouds of dust.

The only unpleasant thing about this was the fear that it excited in Dick of a real Texas storm brewing, in which event it would be necessary to make sure of some secure shelter, if it was possible to obtain such, which was by no means assured.

"Dick," said Inez, when it had continued some time, "do you notice a larger cloud and a denser one, too, for that matter, off in the west?"

He looked in that direction and answered:

"Yes; it looks as if there was a sort of incipient tornado raging along there, which I do not think will trouble us any."

"But there is some unusual cause for that; it has been there for the last half-hour, at the least, and is coming nearer us."

"Let it come; the most that it can do is to cover us pretty well with dust, and we have had enough of that to care very little for it."

"You may think I have no cause for the suspicion, but I believe that that dust comes from something else than the wind, which does not blow steadily enough to keep it up so long."

"Suspicions again. Do you think our old enemies, the Apaches, or perhaps the Comanches, are coming down upon us?"

This was noted in the light, jesting tone natural to Dick when he was in good spirits and satisfied there were no grounds for any misgivings about their safety.

The reply of Inez was serious, and devoid of any such spirit.

"I believe that is caused by Indians."

"We shall soon see," added Dick, as he raised his glass to his eye, for he could not laugh, now that he saw her earnestness.

She had already raised her instrument into use, and she brought it up again.

There would have been no difficulty in ascertaining the cause of the dust except for the dust itself.

That was so dense that for a time the two were unable to distinguish anything else.

But by-and-by, while they looked and strained their vision, they saw a peculiar, quivering, tremulous movement along the base of the mass of dust, which plainly had something to do with the blinding vapor.

It was observable, too, while they were watching the sight in this keen manner, that the cloud kept advancing.

Far away there were traces of it against the sky, where it rested stationary, just as the vapor of a locomotive is seen to do during certain conditions of the atmosphere.

TRAVELERS OVERTAKEN BY BUSH FIRES IN AUSTRALIA.

This showed that the dust had passed beneath that point, and was steadily approaching the place where the two speculators were surveying it with such wondering amazement.

"It is coming this way, that is certain," said Dick when he had studied it for several minutes; "but I can't form any idea what it really is, or what is kicking up such a dust."

"Do you notice those objects at the base, which seem to be agitated?—they are what are doing it."

"But what are they?"

"They must be some kind of animals. Can it be that they are buffaloes?"

"No; they do not resemble those animals; they are smaller."

"Perhaps wolves."

"That cannot be—hark!"

To the astonishment of both, while they were looking and listening, they caught the faint but distinct sounds of voices, in the nature of shouts, such as are heard by drivers when calling to their cattle.

Suddenly Dick exclaimed:

"I have it now! I know what it means."

"Well, what is it?"

"They are Indians driving a lot of sheep before them."

"What are they doing with sheep in this part of the world?"

"It is plain enough what they are doing; they have stolen them and are rushing them over the prairie as fast as they can, so as to escape pursuit."

"But they are coming this way?"

"Which argues the advisability of our changing our quarters before they reach this section, though I don't think they will trouble us if we do not trouble them."

"Then they are different from other Apaches?"

"My opinion is that they are not Apaches, but Comanches—though, of course, it is impossible for me to tell at this distance, when I cannot get a fair view of them."

"If they see us, will they not be apt to attack us?"

"They think more of their sheep than they do of us, and they are in such a hurry with them that they have scarcely time to turn aside and vary it by a chase after us."

The shouts of the Indian drivers were plainly heard by the whites, who were not altogether assured that their situation was entirely safe, in spite of the probabilities named by Dick himself.

The sheep numbered at least a thousand, and they were urged at a headlong pace over the prairie, as if the red thieves already heard the war-cries of the excited Texans on their trail.

It was seen, a short time after, that the animals were not coming directly toward the spot where the whites had paused, but were following a course diagonal to it.

This insured the lovers against being run into, unless those who were driving them should make a turn for the purpose of paying the lovers attention.

Giving their animals rein, the two galloped rapidly along the hills until they reached a point where they were confident they would not interfere with the party, when they again reined up to watch events.

Inez was not satisfied that even this was safe, for she had seen enough of the Indians of this section to hold them in perfect horror, and to give them at all times as wide a berth as possible.

It was rather singular that now, when the party running the sheep was within less than a quarter of a mile, and while they plainly heard their shouts as they hurried forward the terrified animals, that not one of the savages was visible.

The dust raised by the numerous ovis was wafted back over the redskins themselves, so that they were completely hidden from the sight of those on the other side.

But while the two were looking at the rushing multitude, one of the monkey-like horsemen suddenly shot into sight around the end of the northern part of the drove.

The view thus obtained was a curious one, as the redskin sprang into sight as abruptly as if suddenly thrown up by convulsion of the earth.

His mustang was on a dead run, and he was brandishing his rifle over his head and shouting and yelling like a madman, as he almost rode over the huddling sheep, which crowded upon each other in their frantic fear.

He did not see the two figures upon their horses but a rifle-shot away, but circled back and forth, throwing himself first on one side of his horse and then upon the other with the ease and perfect self-command for which his people have long been celebrated.

The first glance Dick obtained of the warrior showed him that he was not an Apache, but a genuine Comanche.

While he and Inez were looking at the redskin, they saw him hurl a lasso, as it maddened at the tardiness of the sheep, and catching one of the poor animals in the merciless loop, he lifted it clear off the ground.

The quick, rapid motion of his powerful arm he whirled it about his head as if it were nothing but a great bag of wool, and let it go spinning twenty feet off, where it struck the earth and rolled over and over as if it were made of India-rubber.

As soon as it could recover from its momentum, it sprang up, apparently unhurt, and galloped ahead with undiminished speed, its situation improved, for the little manœuvre of the Indian had resulted in placing it far ahead of where it was before.

(To be continued.)

"LONG JIM, the Scout" was commenced in No. 462.

TRAVELERS OVERTAKEN BY BUSH-FIRES IN AUSTRALIA.

ACCOUNTS of bush fires outline a phase of life with which the dwellers in cities are totally unacquainted. In Australia, as well as on the great prairies of our Western States, they are of frequent occurrence. In the latter section they are becoming less frequent by reason of the rapid opening of the country to agricultural and stock-raising enterprises; but where settlers are still exposed to a sudden flood of flame, whether in the west or in Australia, they adopt a common method of protection for their dwellings, barns and granaries. This is done by running two or three plow-furrows around the cluster of buildings, and two or three more a short distance away, and burning the strip between. Our illustration shows the method usually pursued by Australian travelers when overtaken on the plains by the flames. When they see the fire in the distance, they select a spot and burn the grass around them for a considerable distance, taking care to stamp it out, so that it does not spread. The flames then pass them unharmed, except for the smoke and heat and rush of animals to escape from slow death.

Distinguished Scholars of Brooklyn (N. Y.) Schools.

ALONZO CARR,

PUPIL OF PUBLIC SCHOOL NO. 36, STAGG STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

ALONZO CARR, PUPIL OF PUBLIC SCHOOL NO. 36, STAGG STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

ALONZO CARR is an intelligent youth who has advanced rapidly through the primary and intermediate grades of Public School No. 36, Stagg Street, near Bushwick Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. He was born at Port Jefferson, L. I., October 24, 1865, making him in his fourteenth year. He is the son of George and Ruth Carr. On the second of June, having passed an excellent examination, he was promoted to the third grammar class of Grammar School No. 18. The teacher of the highest class of No. 36 gives us the following report: "The boy possesses many fine traits of character, which have gained for him the esteem of teachers and the confidence of classmates. Always at the head of his class, yet modest and unassuming in manners; possessed of a pleasant countenance, upon which a surly or unhappy look is never seen to linger." Diligence and a gentlemanly deportment have won for him such a tribute as this. He can now see that his efforts have not been in vain. He has secured educational benefits for himself, and he leaves to his class a record which will long be remembered to his honor. He has a large head and expressive features. He is a thoroughly practical and sensible youth.

Public School No. 36 occupies a fine building which was completed a few years since. The location is in the suburbs of the Eastern District, but there are on register about one thousand pupils. J. S. Woodward, an efficient and courteous gentleman, is the Principal.

CLARA DIECKS,

PUPIL OF GRAMMAR SCHOOL NO. 24, CORNER OF WALL AND BEAVER STREETS, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

CLARA DIECKS is a distinguished scholar of Grammar School No. 24, corner of Wall and Beaver Streets, Brooklyn, N. Y. "Miss Diecks is a pupil," said the Principal, on introducing her to us, "who has a most meritorious record in all the departments of this school. She is worthy of your public notice, for her conduct has been faultless, and her merits are very great." She was born in this city, September 8th, 1864, making her fourteen years of age. She is the daughter of the late Clarence and Mary Dieck. When eight years old she entered the Primary Department of No. 24, in the next to the lowest class. Her diligence began at the very outset, and her success has been the same in all the different studies. When we saw her she was about closing a year in the second division of the first class, and would soon be promoted to the first division. Her percentage was ninety-nine. She studies with penetration, and her intelligence is natural as well as acquired. She is quiet and ladylike. She has self-respect, ambition and energy, and hence succeeds where some others would fail. Her pleasant face and agreeable manners are not lightly regarded in the throngs of scholars of No. 24, for through all the years of her attendance she has received at once the honors of her school and the good will of her classmates. Grammar School No. 24 is organized with a grammar, intermediate and primary departments, having on register about fifteen hundred pupils. A. G. Merwin is the intelligent and efficient Principal.

MINNIE'S RESCUE FROM THE WILDS OF SIBERIA;

Or,

The Daring Adventures of Two Brave Boys.

By ROGER STARBUCK.

CHAPTER XIV.

UNEXPECTED EVENTS.

THE moment they struck the water the reins of their horses became entangled.

The poor brutes endeavored to keep their heads above the surface and to swim, but they were unable to do so, and they soon disappeared under water.

Meanwhile, side by side, the fugitives and the Mongol were striking out for the isle.

Marina, whom Brian and his friend had been about to assist when they found themselves overboard, had declined their services, informing them that she could swim.

In fact, she was at home in the water, and, like all her people, she seemed nearly insensible to the cold, which chilled the boys to the very bone.

At last they reached the isle, and the chums stood shivering in their saturated garments.

Marina, on the contrary, did not appear to mind her uncomfortable situation.

"I am so sorry we have lost our horses," she said.

"Yes; it was impossible to help the poor beasts, there in the water," said Will.

The Mongol was heard complaining bitterly. Marina explained to the boys that he was mourning over the loss of his boat.

"Tell him I will try to make it up to him when I have the chance," said Brian.

"And when will that be?" said Will. "I am afraid neither of us will ever have the chance."

Marina took out her purse and said:

"I can afford to pay him half the worth of it."

She gave him three broad pieces of gold, which were received with much satisfaction and gratitude by the Mongol.

Will now climbed the rock near him and peered over the edge.

"Here comes a boat from the schooner," he said.

"Then we are as good as captured," said Brian.

"It seems as if fate is against us."

"Are you sure they are coming this way?" inquired Marina.

"Yes, there can be no doubt of it."

On came the boat.

As it drew nearer, Will could distinguish Captain Vosk in the stern-sheets.

The Russian, the moment the vessel touched the shore of the isle, sprang to land, followed by several sailors, well armed.

"You are my prisoners," he said to the boys.

"Yes, sir; we cannot help ourselves now," answered Brian.

"You shall be well treated," said Vosk, courteously, "as you are my prisoners of war."

Then he looked at Marina.

"If Marina would prefer, we will take her ashore instead of aboard the schooner."

"No," said Marina. "I prefer to accompany the young men."

Vosk, who had often seen Marina with Minnie, and who knew she was that person's friend, bowed, and said her wishes should be complied with.

The prisoners were conducted to the boat, and the young girl having also entered it, the craft was pulled toward the schooner.

Vosk, as he left the Mongol standing unconsolately on the beach, shouted to him that he would send a boat to take him to the river mouth.

The gale by this time had abated, and the boat made good progress.

On arriving aboard, the friends looked around them.

The schooner was a small craft, not more than seventy-five tons burden.

She had a clean, white deck, and carried one small seven-pounder amidships. Her crew, as the boys afterward learned, consisted of but six men, besides the captain and his lieutenant.

"After all," said Brian to Will, "I don't know but we will fare better as prisoners of war than we would have done had Peter taken us instead of the captain."

The latter now said something to three of the men, by whom the boys were conducted into a small room, just forward of the cabin in the hold.

"This will be your quarters," remarked Captain Vosk. "I will try to make you as comfortable as possible while you are here."

"And where will you put Marina?"

"In the cabin with the steward's wife, who is aboard," replied Vosk.

"Where are you bound?" asked Will.

"To Nischayevsk, where I have left my other vessel," was the reply.

"That is on the seacoast, is it not?"

"Yes."

The boys were soon after visited by the steward's wife—a plump, middle-aged woman, who brought them an excellent repast, and also a change of garments.

"We make dem young ladies comfortable, too," she said, in broken English, as she was passing out of the apartment.

The boys now doffed their saturated clothing, and putting on that which had been brought, they were much amused at each other's appearance, for the pants and coats, which had evidently been made for persons much larger than themselves, hung upon them like meal sacks.

CLARA DIECKS, PUPIL OF GRAMMAR SCHOOL NO. 24, WALL AND BEAVER STREETS, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

MINNIE'S RESCUE FROM THE WILDS OF SIBERIA.—"THE FLAMES BY THIS TIME WERE CREEPING UP THE WOODWORK OF THE DOOR."

They put their other things by a stove in the room to dry, and then partook of their fare, which, seasoned with an excellent appetite, proved to be good.

As soon as their own clothes were dry they were glad to put them on, and lay aside those which had been sent by the captain.

The schooner was soon under way, gliding along the river before a fresh breeze.

"We must try to get away from here," remarked Brian.

"How are we to do it? There is a guard about the hatchway," said Will.

"We will watch our chance," replied Brian.

A whole week went by, and still the boys were aboard the schooner, vainly waiting for an opportunity to escape.

They had not been allowed to go on deck but twice a day, and at such times a guard of several sailors remaining near them, keen and watchful, precluded all possibility of their leaving the craft.

"We are within a day's sail of Nicolayevsk," said Brian, one morning, to his friend.

"Yes; it is pretty certain now that we will not succeed in getting off."

"I am not so sure of that," said Brian. "Something may yet turn up in our favor."

Later in the afternoon a heavy gale burst upon the schooner, compelling the captain to back and fill to save himself from being blown ashore upon the rocks bordering this part of the river on each side.

The hasty tramping of feet and the shouting of orders, together with the roaring of the waters and the creaking of the timbers, betokened that there was great danger.

The boys looked up toward the steerage, but, owing to the darkness, they could see nothing.

Will crept up the ladder, but he had not mounted four steps when a gruff voice above warned him that the Russians had not forgotten their prisoners, and were still on the watch.

The boy descended, and with his friend sat listening to the increasing uproar on deck.

"Hark!" he suddenly cried.

A number of voices were heard shouting something in the native tongue.

"I understand that," said Will. "They say they are going ashore."

"Surely, in that case, they will not leave us here," said Brian.

"It is not likely."

But even as he spoke the hatch was fastened down over the opening.

"The rascals!" said Will. "They are determined, if they cannot keep us, that we shall be drowned."

"I don't think Captain Vosk would be cruel enough to do anything of that kind," said Brian.

"I did not think so; but what else are we to infer from their fastening the hatch over us?"

The boys fancied they could already hear the roar of the breakers upon the rocks.

Soon after came the noise of a boat being lowered.

"It is all up with us," said Will; "they are going to leave us to our fate and save their own lives."

They shouted to the men, whom they supposed were about to desert the vessel, to come and take them, too.

But there was no response to their cries.

Soon all was silent aboard the schooner save the din of the elements.

"They are gone, and we are doomed," cried Brian.

"We will at least make a struggle for our lives," shouted Will.

Both boys looked around them for some instrument with which they might dash open the hatch.

But they saw nothing of the kind.

Then they rushed up at the hatch, and beat it with their fists. It did not yield half an inch.

Evidently it was firmly secured.

The roaring of the breakers became more distinct.

The schooner must now be close to the rocks.

She would soon strike.

"God help us!" cried Brian, despairingly.

Both boys were appalled at the thought of being shut up there to die in a floating coffin.

Suddenly Will clutched the arm of his friend.

"Hark!" he said, "did you not hear a voice?"

"Yes, there is some person aboard calling. By George!" he suddenly added, as the voice sounded louder, "it is Marina! She is still aboard."

They listened, and easily recognized the tones of the young woman.

"The wretches have left her to perish, too!" said Brian. "She is in the cabin."

In fact, the young girl's voice came from that direction.

Will ran up close to the bulkhead.

"Marina, are you there?" he cried.

"Yes; I am trying to open the companion door. I have not found a hatchet, and I think I can do so."

The faint sound of blows was heard above the din of the storm.

"It is open!" cried the young girl, at last. "Where are you? In the steerage?"

"Yes, the hatch is fastened above us."

"I will try to open it for you."

"The vessel is going ashore, is she not?" continued Will.

"Yes, and God help us! I am afraid we will be lost!"

Quick blows resounded upon the hatch.

A moment later it was opened.

"Saved!" cried Brian, as he and his friend rushed on deck.

"You are a brave girl, Marina," said Will.

"This is no time for compliments," she answered. "See there!"

Right ahead, through the gloom, the outlines of the rocks, with the spray flying up over them, were visible.

"Is there no boat here?" inquired Brian, throwing a hasty glance around him.

"There was only one," said Marina, "and the sailors took that."

"What a rascal that Vosk has proved himself to be!" continued Brian. "We can do nothing now but stay here and meet our fate."

"Yes, that is all we can do," said Marina, instinctively clinging to his arm. "But you must not blame Captain Vosk. He was hurt when the storm first came on by the falling of the main-yard, which struck him senseless to the deck.

"When he recovered he was too weak and bewildered to know what was going on.

"When the men lowered the boat they put him in it.

"They were afraid you would escape, and I heard the second officer tell his crew to fasten the hatch above you.

"In their hurry they also fastened the cabin-door, but I do not think they knew I was then in the cabin.

"After they got in the boat I heard the steward's wife, who had been helped into it, cry out that I was still aboard.

"The officer ordered some of his men to go back and rescue me, but at that moment the rope holding the boat to the vessel broke, as I knew by what I heard them say, and it drifted off. It was just as well, for I would not have gone with them unless they had taken you, too."

"And so it was for our sake you remained in the cabin and lost the chance of being saved?" said Brian, clasping the girl's hand.

"Yes, I thought by remaining I might be of service to you," she answered.

Brian now rushed to the wheel.

He endeavored to direct the head of the craft away from the rocks, but he found that she would not answer her helm.

Already the rocks were not more than twenty fathoms off.

"We are lost!" cried Marina.

But as she spoke there was a glad cry from Brian.

The foresail had begun to shake.

The wind had shifted a little to the north.

Will ran to the helm to assist his friend.

Together they put down the wheel, and eagerly watched for the result.

At last Marina clapped her hands.

"We are swinging away from the rocks!" she cried.

"Yes," answered Brian, "but not enough, I am afraid, to do us much good. We are too close in shore for that, and must strike!"

In fact, the vessel swung up only just enough to pass an outer reef, when she again fell off with a suddenness which surprised the boys.

At the same moment there was a snapping sound, and the wheel flew from their grasp!

"We cannot move it," said Will, as he again seized it.

Brian pointed to the rudder post.

"That is the reason," said he; "the post is broken! We can do nothing more."

"We are no longer going toward the rocks!" cried Marina. "There is a sandy beach ahead of us!"

The boys sprang to the bow where she stood and peered through the gloom.

"You are right," said Brian; "there is a sandy shore! I can just see it through the gloom. The shift of wind did us some service. It enabled us to clear the rocks."

"Will it be the means of our lives being saved?" inquired the girl.

"That is hard to tell; but I hope so."

He then led Marina aft, and bade her cling firmly to a rope which he had fastened to one of the bellying-guns.

Each of the boys placed himself by her side, and held her, that she might not be thrown overboard when the shock should come.

They had not long to wait.

With a terrific crash the schooner grounded upon the beach.

Her main and fore-masts went by the board, and her timbers seemed about to split open from the violence of the concussion.

The three fugitives were thrown to the deck, and as the vessel keeled far over, the water poured upon them, almost suffocating them, and nearly washing them away.

The boys contrived to scramble to their feet, raising Marina with them.

As they did so, the loud cracking of the vessel tore and aft betokened that she was about to part amidships.

A great wave had lifted her stern, and as it came bumping down, her strained timbers could not withstand the shock.

Brian and Will saw that there was not a moment to lose if they would save themselves.

They drew Marina forward, and fastened the end of the jib downhaul about her waist.

"We are going to lower you to the beach," said Brian. "The moment you get there you must run far up the shore to escape the incoming waves."

"And what will become of you?"

"We will follow," answered Brian.

Marina was then lowered to the beach, just as a great wave receded.

She ran up the shore, and stood looking anxiously back.

She could see a form suspended from the bow.

"Brian, is it you?" she called.

Even as she spoke, there was a crash like thunder, as the disabled schooner parted amidships, the after part turning over in the water.

The forward part also went a moment later.

Ere this happened, however, Brian had gained the beach.

A great wall of water came rolling in.

The boy clung to the rope fastened about him.

As the wave receded, he felt a strong grasp upon his arm.

"All right!" came the cheery voice of Will, as he drew his friend further up the beach.

He had sprung from the wreck, sinking up to his middle in the sand as the vessel parted.

This position had given stability enough to his form to prevent his being drawn back by the wave, and to enable him to grasp his friend in time to save him from a similar fate.

The boys were soon with Marina.

"It was a narrow escape," said Brian, panting with his exertions.

"Where are we now?" inquired Will, glancing about him.

"We cannot be far from Nicolayevsk," said the young girl. "We must keep out of sight of the people who have huts alongshore, lest they inform against us."

"We are not far from the coast, then?" said Brian.

"Not more than sixty miles," said Marina. "I have been in this part of the country before. In fact, there are few places in Siberia which I have not visited with my father and his band."

"We must try to reach the coast," said Will. "Do you know the way, Marina?"

"Yes, I can find it; but we will have to go a long way above the town, lest we fall in with Captain Vosk's war schooner."

Will got upon a rock not far off, and peered through the gloom, looking if he could see anything of the boat in which the men had deserted the vessel.

Far in the distance a lantern, and moving forms dimly lighted by it, betokened that the crew had succeeded in reaching the shore.

Will hastened to inform Brian and the young girl of this circumstance.

"We must be off," said Brian. "They may come in this direction and discover us."

It was a dark night, and the three had some difficulty in picking their way.

They kept on for an hour, during which they were very uncomfortable in their saturated garments, the night-air being almost cold enough, at this time of the year, to freeze the water upon their clothing.

At last they arrived in a valley bordered with trees, where there was a rushing torrent.

They gathered dry branches and made a fire, by which they warmed themselves.

As they seated themselves talking over their situation, they were suddenly startled by a crackling sound in the bush behind them.

The fire threw a broad glare of light many yards around them, enabling them to discover, for an instant, ere it was withdrawn, the face of a man, who had apparently been watching them.

Brian made two bounds to the tree, and caught the man by the throat ere he had time to beat a retreat.

He drew him out more into the light.

[To be continued.]

"Minnie's Rescue from the White of Siberia" was commenced in No. 668.

ORVILLE AND DAN;

Or,

Adventures in Japan.

By COMMODORE AH-LOOK,

Author of "KEEP YOUR BOOTHS," "INVENTIVE DAN," etc.

CHAPTER I.

GOOD NEWS FROM HOME.

THE Minister was a very deliberate gentleman, and as he spoke, he took some letters from a drawer, and, opening a telegram, remarked:

"About six weeks ago I received this from your father. It says, 'Please ascertain whether my sons, who are traveling on foot through Japan, want money or assistance. They have lately inherited a handsome fortune, and any funds they require will at once be placed to their credit by telegram.'"

"Inherited a fortune!" cried the boys.

"Yes," said the official. "Your father adds, 'I have written by mail.' This," opening a letter, "is what I have received from him: 'Sir, I inclose a credit-note for a thousand dollars, payable to your order. Will you kindly cause search to be made for my sons, Orville and Daniel Fillamore, who, according to a letter lately received by me, have run away from a ship called the *Ocean Belle*, and are wandering among the savages of Japan. Their mother, sisters and myself are terribly anxious about them, we having heard and read of the barbarities practiced by the Japanese, also of the earthquakes and dangers to which our boys will be exposed. From our knowledge of them, we feel sure they were driven to quit the ship; still we would rather they had remained than run the risk of being killed by savages. Will you, as soon as you hear anything about the lads, be good enough to send for them, and, upon their reaching you, telegraph the news to us and deliver the accompanying letters to them?'"

Here the Minister paused and handed Orville a package, observing:

"We have had three mails since the arrival of this communication, and each has brought letters for you. Kindly excuse me for a few moments; I will leave you to peruse your correspondence."

As the gentleman retired from the room, Dan looked at his brother and murmured:

"What is the meaning of this? Grandfather Fillamore wasn't worth a cent."

Orv picked out his father's note, and, tearing off the envelope, read:

"MY DEAR SONS—Two months after your departure from home your Uncle Bowers was taken seriously ill and sent for your mother and sisters to nurse him. At first, remembering the mean way in which he had always treated us, I was opposed to their going; however, I finally consented, thinking it would be best to return good for evil. He died on the day you wrote from Hong Kong, and was buried on the eighteenth of April. After the funeral we went back to the house, and all the family assembled in the parlor to hear the will read, when, to our astonishment, we found he had left you, Nellie and me, everything he possessed, your mother and myself being appointed his executors. I should think, altogether, the estate is worth a hundred thousand dollars, so you will have a good start in life. From your Hong Kong letter we concluded you would leave the ship at the first chance, and were therefore not astonished when we received your note written from Hato; still, we are exceedingly anxious concerning you, as, according to what we hear, Japan is a barbarous country. And so place for foreigners. We have lately read a book written by the English Minister, Sir Rutherford Alcock, and it has filled us with fear for your safety. I at once telegraphed to our representative in Tokio, and sent some money. If, please God, this finds you well, I want you to come home as soon as possible. I inclose tickets for the steamer to San Francisco, and for the railway home. Telegraph me as soon as you get this. Will write again next mail. The girls and your mother send letters with mine. From your affectionate father, DANIEL FILLAMORE."

"Orville," said Dan, as his brother finished reading; "uncle wasn't such a bad old fellow, after all, was he?"

"No," answered the other; "we mustn't complain. I am only sorry he did not do something for us while he was alive, that we might have shown him our gratitude."

"That's so," nodded Dan. "Here's a letter for me from Rose, and one from Nell for you."

"We'll read them when we get to the hotel," said Orville. "Here comes the Minister."

"Well, boys," inquired the latter, as he entered the room, "is everything satisfactory?"

They answered in the affirmative, then, in response to his request, briefly related the events of their journey, referring to Benkei in terms of the greatest admiration and gratitude.

"Have you any money?" demanded the gentleman.

"Yes; about fifty dollars," said Orville. "How long will it be before the steamer sails?"

"It leaves on Saturday," was the reply. "You had better go to the United States Hotel and say I sent you. You can have what money you require. Your board will cost you ten dollars a day. Living, for foreigners, is expensive in Tokio."

"Excuse me, sir," said Orv; "we can get along very well at a Japanese inn. Though our uncle has left us a fortune, we don't wish to spend more than is necessary."

"I forgot you speak the language," said the Minister. "I suppose you can board for a dollar a day at a native hotel; you are right to save your money. Call on me to-morrow and introduce your friend."

The lads thanked him, then retired, and on reaching the entrance found Ben squatted on the ground, smoking his pipe.

They informed him of their good fortune, hearing which, he said, significantly:

"Did not my aunt tell you so? She knew it by the red rice. You are, together, are five times as fortunate as I am. Come, it is getting dark; let us seek an inn and have a good supper. Your news and waiting so long has made me very hungry."

They proceeded to a house called the Golden Lily, and when they had ordered their repast, Orville and Dan started for the telegraph office and cabled the following message to their parents:

"Tokio—arrived—well. Orville, Dan."

"How much is that?" said Orv to the operator.

"You don't charge for the address, do you?"

"No," was the reply. "The tariff to the States is five dollars gold. This will cost you twenty-five dollars."

They paid the sum, and on returning to their inn, found Benkei fuming like a crazy person.

"This is a nice sort of establishment," he cried. "The landlady tells me our rooms will cost two dollars each a night. She says she conducts her house on the European plan, and by the bill of fare I see she has charges for eating, drinking and attendance. I find everything in Tokio is five times as dear as in other places. One needs to have the revenue of a prince to stand this extortion."

They laughed at him, and told Ben about the charge at the United States Hotel, reminding him, if he visited America, he would find good living much more expensive than in his own country, after which they sat down to a bountiful repast and chatted merrily over their prospects.

At the conclusion of the meal they sent for their bearers and inquired how much they owed them, then paid and dismissed the worthy fellows, giving each a present over and above his wages, and a letter to deliver to Jim Udder in Awomori.

Benkei lighted his pipe and chatted with his friends, presently remarking:

"I ought to telegraph to my mother and find out how things went with my father. My mind is terribly worried about him."

"Here's a form," said Orville. "The office is open all night. You will probably receive an answer before going to bed."

Benkei sent for a brush and ink and wrote the message in Japanese, translating it to the brothers as follows:

"The two parts of the crushed worm writhe in sympathy."

"What in the name of thunder will your mother understand by that?" asked Dan.

"This," said Ben, twitching his mouth—"I, the other half of our afflicted family, suffer with them. We are, metaphorically speaking, a worm crushed by affliction. You surely wouldn't have me bluntly ask if they are 'standing on their heads still?'"

"We should telegraph something of that sort," said Orv.

"I know," nodded Benkei, refilling his pipe and calling to a waiter. "That's where we differ so vastly. You are too matter of fact. My mother will understand a great deal more than what I have said, and outsiders won't be any the wiser, they not knowing the nature of the trouble to which I have referred."

"What do you require?" said the waiter, addressing Ben.

"Send this to the telegraph-office," he said, handing him some money. "You can keep the change."

When the man had departed, Orville inquired of Benkei what position he expected the Emperor would give him.

"Something very good, I should think," said the young man, with a self-sufficient gesture. "The Tenno would not have ordered me to Tokio unless he intended to confer some high position upon me. I am afraid I shall not be able to accompany you to America."

"We hope you will," said Dan. "My brother and I have counted upon your going home with us."

The friends talked on, concerning the adventures and dangers they had experienced since leaving Iburi, and did not notice how time went until a messenger was announced with an answer to Benkei's telegram.

"Now," said the latter, "I shall know my poor father's fate."

Whereupon he tore open the envelope and read:

"With too much sake a man may appear to be dead, but he never speaks impertinently. When the sun rises open your eyes for visitors."

"Ah!" sighed Orv, "I'll give it up, as usual."

"Why, this is as clear as day," merrily observed Benkei. "Can't you understand, Dan?"

"Ask me something else," was the response "I suppose it's good news."

"Yes, indeed," said Ben. "It signifies this: Our workpeople and the men in the crowd, who were supposed to be dead, were simply insensible from over exhilaration."

"You mean dead-drunk," said Orv.

"Yes," returned Ben, "that's your way of putting it. It appears, when my father examined the supposed corpses, he discovered the mistake, for they were saucy to him."

"No doubt you read it correctly," said Orv; "but what does the last sentence mean?"

"That my family will join us to-morrow morning."

"I see," mused Dan, "you use words in order to conceal your thoughts, not to express them, and write in parables; then, yawning, added: "I vote we go to bed. You'll want to look bright and smart to-morrow, when you call upon the Mikado."

CHAPTER II.

AMERICAN ENTERPRISE IN THE CITY OF TOKIO.

"HERE, get up! get up!" shouted Orville to Dan, as he stood at the window and watched the sun rise over the city. "Here's a lovely sight."

His brother slowly complied, and joining him, glanced at the view, then exclaimed:

"Yes, it is beautiful. See how charming Fuji looks. It must be quite close to us."

"No, it's miles and miles away," said Benkei, who just then joined them. "It is a glorious landmark, and can be seen from thirteen provinces."

After they had for some time admired the mountain Dan pointed to a canal that intersected the city on their left and asked:

"What is that?"

"It is the Nippon Basel," said Benkei, "and is named after a beautiful bridge, from the top of which we can get a grand view of Tokio. Come, when we have had our bath we will visit the structure. Everybody does so."

In a short time they were reveling in the water, and when their ablutions were performed, the travelers went into the street, which, even at that early hour, was crowded with people and vehicles.

Everything, but the very best-dressed goods, appeared to be carried on men's shoulders, and the avenues were well paved with hard, white stone, set in concrete.

"See those big, live fish the men are carrying?" said Orv.

"They are from the bay," answered Ben. "The bearers have run with them from the fishermen's boats."

As they spoke, a rough sort of cart passed them, piled up with merchandise, its propelling power being four men, two of whom dragged it, while the others butted behind, the leaders, every now and then, uttering a song which sounded like:

"Hai! Huida! Hoo!
Hoo! Hai! Huida!
Wah! Hoo! Hoo!"

"Are they in pain?" inquired Orv.

"No," laughingly replied Ben. "They shout like your sailors do when pulling on a rope."

"Why don't they put a horse in the shafts?" demanded Dan.

"Because it is cheaper to employ human beings," said Benkei; "surely you wouldn't use a *valuable animal* when you could get a man to do it?"

"Well, we would," said Orv. "We think more of men than we do of beasts."

Benkei snickered and quietly retorted:

"I thought differently. I have heard you, like ourselves, take more care of your horses than of some of your fellow-creatures."

"Perhaps you are right," murmured Orv. "Anyhow, we don't permit men to be harnessed to drag drays in that style."

"Here is the Nippon Basei," said their companion. "Is it not a wonderful bridge?"

The boys looked at the structure, which was one high arch, spanning the wide canal, and was supported by numerous piles; then, following the throng, mounted the steep ascent, the planking of which echoed back the rattling of the clumsy, wooden-wheeled push-carts.

"Why do you build your bridges in this shape?" said Dan.

"I do not know," answered Ben. "Are yours of a different pattern?"

"Yes, ours are level," he said. "It's absurd to make people mount up such a height, and it must be awful for the men who bear burdens."

"It has one advantage, has it not?" said Ben. "There is a beautiful view from the top."

"Yes," nodded Orv, as they halted on the crown of the structure and glanced over the railing at the mass of boats darting hither and thither upon the canal. "They seem to carry most of their goods by water."

"Yes," said their friend. "The city is situated at the junction of two rivers, and is intersected in a hundred directions by their tributaries and with canals. It is like Venice, in Europe. Formerly, under the old system, this city was called Yeddo, but when the Mikado (Emperor) came here to reside he changed its name to Tokio."

They spent some time watching the animated scene, spread out like a panorama before them, and kept Benkei busy answering questions.

"What is there made in this place?" said Orv to an American gentleman who had stopped to speak with them, and who told the boys he had heard of their being in the country. "Are there any factories worth visiting?"

"Yes, indeed, he replied. "You could spend six months in Tokio, and then not visit half its notable sights. It is famous for beautiful fans, old and new bronzes, carved ivory figures, blinds and screens, woodenware, oil-paper goods, fancy leather articles, porcelain and silk fabrics, to say nothing of its factories on the American principle. You boys should not return to the States just yet. You have only seen the poorest half of Japan."

"We hope to come back some day," said Dan.

"My brother and myself have been away from home over a year, and are anxious to see our folks."

The stranger took a card from his pocket, and glancing at their travel-stained attire, whispered:

"If you wish anything in our line, you will find me near the railway depot."

"What?" queried Orv.

"The railway depot," once more repeated the man. "You will see our shingle in English and Japanese, 'Nicoll, the Tailor, from New York.' We have made several suits for his Majesty the Emperor."

The boys glanced first at the card and then at the retreating figure, Dan exclaiming:

"Railway depot! Nicoll, the tailor! Well, well, this is rather staggering. I wonder what old Fuji thinks when he looks down upon the smoke of the locomotive?"

"Ah! You acknowledge the mountain is inhabited by a spirit?" seriously inquired Benkei.

"No, not by a good deal," answered Dan. "Can't I speak in parables as well as you do? We talk of a man in the moon, but don't believe there is one there."

"Certainly there is not," gravely responded Ben. "The moon is inhabited by a big hare, who keeps it clean by scouring its face with rushes."

"All right," said Orv, winking at Dan; "suppose we go to breakfast? I've heard tell the moon is made of green cheese, and wouldn't mind having some of that and a cracker for my meal."

"Will you call on Mr. Nicoll, the tailor?" inquired Benkei.

"Yes, we want new suits," said Dan. "He's a smart fellow, and I like to deal with enterprising people."

When they reached the inn they ordered the best the house afforded, and after partaking of the repast set out for the American's, passing through several handsome streets that reminded them of Broadway.

"Here's Nicoll's," said Dan, pointing to an extensive establishment. "It's a first-rate place, isn't it? I see he sells everything. By-the-way, Ben, can you lend us some money until we visit the Minister?"

"I want to sell a bond," he answered. "There is a broker's office. Come with me, and when I have cashed this I will let you have all the dollars you want."

The money-dealer proved to be a Jewish gentleman from London, who, on seeing Ben's bonds, offered to buy them all, saying they were worth a good premium.

The young man decided only to sell one of the securities, and after he had obtained the money they left the place and proceeded to the outfitter's, where they were met by the stranger who had spoken to them on the bridge.

Benkei was perfectly delighted with the sight of so many fine garments, and if it had not been for the boys, would have invested in several suits, including a gorgeous dressing-gown and a check-pattern ulster; however, acting upon their advice, he waited a while and contented himself with a dress-coat and pants, a black velvet vest, some frilled-bosom white shirts, with enormous cuffs and collars, white ties, striped socks, patent-leather shoes, a tall silk hat, an eyeglass, a gold watch and chain, and a silk umbrella.

The brothers ordered neat traveling-suits and hats, and replenished their stock of underclothing; then, settling their bills, returned to the inn, followed by a porter carrying their purchases.

"I wish my hair would lie down," grumbled Benkei, as he brushed his stubborn locks. "If it were not for that I should look like you boys."

As he spoke a servant entered and said:

"Mr. Benkei Yuzo, your family have arrived and wish to see you."

CHAPTER LII.

BENKEI IS OFFERED A POSITION IN THE GOVERNMENT SERVICE.

"NOW to astonish my folks," said Benkei, surveying himself complacently in a metal mirror. "How ought I to wear this eyeglass, Dan?"

"Stick it in your left eye and screw it up tight," snickered the boy, as he finished his toilet.

"But I can't see anything now," growled Ben.

"You mustn't wear *your* hat *indoors*," remarked Orv.

"Or your watch hanging down out of your pocket," said Dan. "If you sported your jewelry that way in New York you'd soon lose it, to say nothing of shaking up the works."

Benkei looked up his collar, rearranged his necktie, and settled his somewhat loose garments into place, then followed him into the reception-hall, where they found Mr. and Mrs. Benkei, and their daughters, resplendent in silken attire.

In the rear of the party, Benkei went down on all-fours, in Japanese fashion, when the knees of his pants parted with a crack, this accident causing his sisters the most intense amusement.

For some reason best known to themselves the Japs in Tokio insist upon wearing straps to their pantaloons, and Ben's were so tight that they did not admit of his kneeling.

"Never mind," he said, with his usual good-humor; "I will send for another pair without those attachments;" adding, as he bowed his head to his parents: "Most honorable father, most honorable and amiable mother, your unworthy little son salutes you."

As all the rest of the party were upon their knees, Orville and Dan paid their respects to the family in a similar fashion, and when they rose, said:

"We are real glad to see you again."

"And we are delighted to once more behold you," answered the old lady.

Ben dispatched a servant to procure him a new pair of pants, after which the group retired to a private room and partook of refreshments.

"How did you get over your trouble, father?" asked Ben.

"The men were not dead," replied his parent. "We sent them to the bath-house and had them steamed until they were sober. I got off with a fine."

"One good thing has resulted from it," said his wife; "you have agreed to sell your horrid business."

The old gentleman's mouth twitched, and he answered:

"I suppose I must do so, though I think it will be worse for the poor people. I make good *sake*, and my successor may not be so particular. As for the horrid business, you forget it finds you in clothes, and all that sort of thing. If I don't make stuff somebody else will. I tell you what I'll do—I'll give up brewing *sake*, and in the future you can dress in cotton garments and live like a peasant on rice and tea."

"No, thank you," tartly replied his wife. "I prefer to remain as I am."

While she was speaking a servant came in, bringing a note for Benkei, saying:

"That was left for you by one of the Government messengers."

Ben reverently received the communication, which bore the Mikado's crest, the *Ki-ku* (chrysanthemum), and, pressing it to his forehead, bowed nine times, then handed it to his father, who performed the same ceremony, after which he read its contents aloud:

"You, Benkei Yuzo, late Bonze in the Temple of Ibori, are directed to report yourself at once to the Minister appointed to regulate the affairs of confederated religious edifices.

"YAMATAKA SHODA TOSHINORI,
"Minister of Interior and Privy Councilor."

"They'll give you an important post," said his mother, "if your cousin hasn't already sided with the Mikado, he would have been alive to-day."

"Yes, and I might have still been a bonze," said Ben. "You forgot I am now a free man, and that Yazayemon left me a good legacy. Here come my pants. As soon as I have put them on we will hire *Jin-riki-shas* for you and my sisters, then mount our horses and call upon the Minister in state. You must all be present when the honor is conferred upon me."

It only took a short time to make the arrangement, and in a few moments they started.

Ben and his father drove first, Mrs. Benkei, in her carriage, was drawn after them, while the boys gallantly escorted the vehicles containing Miss Ida and Miss Ina, who, like most Japanese girls, were delighted with the sights of the metropolis.

In due time they reached Sakurada Avenue and turned into the inclosure containing the official's residence, a gorgeous edifice that had once been the palace of the Prince of Echigo.

Here they dismounted, and after the young man had stated his business, the party were conducted into an audience-chamber and told to remain there.

The apartment was devoid of furniture, but the floor was beautifully matted, and the walls covered with the most exquisite paper.

In a short time two soldiers, in French uniform, summoned Benkei into an adjoining room, where, seated upon a raised platform, was a stage-looking man, dressed in foreign fashion, upon beholding whom Ben prostrated himself.

"Are you Benkei Yuzo, the son?" demanded a secretary, who was kneeling with bowed head behind his superior.

"Yes," was Ben's trembling response.

"Have you any friends to answer for you?" inquired the first speaker.

"Yes," murmured Ben; "my family and my two foreign companions are in the next room."

The secretary bade the attendants summon them, and as the soldiers escorted the boys in they were told to prostrate themselves like the Japanese.

"We could not think of doing such a thing," said Orville, indignantly. "We do not mind shaking hands with the gentleman, but are not going to humble ourselves in that way."

This puzzled the secretary, who waited for instructions from his superior, and presently received them in a whisper, the whisper being one of the old school of Japanese officials, who considered himself far above people like the Benkeis and Americans.

"You, strangers, can stand behind the members of this person's family," said the official's mouthpiece, and when the boys had taken their places he addressed Benkei as follows:

"His Imperial Majesty the Tenno (son of Heaven) has waxed your services to be considered, and has instructed his Excellency Okubo Yusio Motoakira to communicate this to you. If you desire employment under the Government, you will be appointed number seven hundred and eleven in the Tokio police force, with the pay of four yen per month, and daily rations of rice, tea and meat soup."

On hearing this announcement, Benkei uttered an audible groan, which was faintly echoed by his family.

All their visions of his official importance had been rudely dissipated.

"Do you accept this generous offer?" demanded the secretary to Benkei, at the same time frowning at the grinning Americans.

The young man solemnly bowed his head and said:

"I am most unworthy to receive such a mark of the imperial favor. My friends desire me to visit America; may I be permitted to do so?"

Once more there was a whispering between the dumb-like Minister and his secretary, after which the latter said:

"You must write a petition to the Tenno, and if it is granted, your father will have to deposit a thousand yen (dollars) in the public treasury, and be responsible for your conduct while abroad. Go, you are dismissed."

"Good-day," said Orville to the solid-looking official.

His Excellency, Okubo Yusio Motoakira, did not condescend to make any reply, and they quitted the palace without having heard the music of his voice.

Upon reaching the inn Ben wrote and dispatched his petition, then said to his companions:

"Of course I expected something better than being offered the position of a policeman. Never mind; I will visit the United States and enter a college, and when I come back they will think more of me."

"You need not feel bad," said Orv. "The Emperor, like our President, can't find fat places for everybody. I am real glad things have turned out this way, and that you will go home with us."

"Then it is settled?" said Mrs. Benkei.

"Yes," answered her son; "I shall start for San Francisco the day after to-morrow."

CHAPTER LIII.

ADIEU TO JAPAN.

WHEN Orville and Dan heard Benkei's determination, they had a little fun with him, the former remarking, in English:

"See here, chum, do you think your elements will stand a sea-voyage?"

"Of course they will," frowningly replied Ben.

"You'll have to sleep with your head moving to all points of the compass," declared Dan.

"Oh, stop that," laughingly pleaded the young man. "Are we going to call on your friend, the Minister?"

They told him they were there; then, after asking Mr. and Mrs. Benkei and the young ladies to excuse them, ordered their horses and started.

As they were proceeding through the streets they came across a big advertisement, as follows:

GRAND BASEBALL MATCH
BETWEEN
THE NEW YORK INVINCIBLES
AND
THE IBURI DANITES (Native Nine),
Trained by
THE GREAT AMERICAN TRAVELERS,
MESSRS ORVILLE AND DANIEL FILLAMORE,
Who are expected to be present at the Match,
Which will take place in
The grounds of the old temple of
ZOZOJI,
ON THURSDAY, 30TH SEPTEMBER.

"Our pupils are doing well, meekly observed Orville. "We have done some good if we have only introduced baseball to your people."

"I'm sorry we shall not be here to witness the performance," said Ben. "By-the-way, I would like to take my folks to some place of amusement this evening. The girls say there is an American theatre open here, and they are dying to go."

After riding a block or two the cortège arrived at an imposing-looking edifice, above the portal of which floated the Stars and Stripes, while on both sides of the door they beheld posters which ran:

U. S. COMIC OPERA COMPANY.
This night, and until further notice,
MESSRS. GILBERT & SULLIVAN'S
"PINAFORE."

"Well, I want to know," ejaculated the boys.

"'Pinafore' in Japan!"

"What's the matter?" inquired Benkei.

"Nothing," answered Orv. "You hold my pony while I go in and buy tickets. We'll give your sisters, and your cousins, and your aunts a treat tonight."

On reaching the box-office he was politely informed that all the seats had been engaged in advance; but on turning away from the place, he was accosted by a Japanese ticket-speculator, who blandly whispered:

"Do you want a box for to-night? I have one left."

"So you've learned this swindling game, have you?" indignantly remarked the boy. "I thought you Japs were more honest."

"Hush!" signaled the man, making a gesture of caution; "I am only doing my duty, and am selling seats for the management. Everything is conducted on American principles. Don't abuse your own countrymen."

Orville did not make any further remark, and after securing his tickets, rejoined his companions, remounted his horse and led the way to their destination.

They found the Minister at home, and when they had presented Benkei, the gentleman said to him:

"I have lately returned from the office of the Foreign Department, where I was asked about your application to visit America. I strongly recommended that the permission be given you, feeling personally grateful for the kindness you have shown my countrymen."

"I thank your Excellency," modestly replied Ben. "I can read English, but desire to learn how to write the language."

"We'll teach him on our way home," said Orville. "He must go to college with us."

They had a pleasant chat, and before they retired the Minister's secretary handed them a thousand dollars, in gold, and their friend said:

"There was no charge for the messenger who was sent to Waka-matsu, or any deduction from the amount forwarded by your father. Then shaking them by the hand, added, "I wish you all three health, happiness and prosperity, and a pleasant voyage home."

"You are real kind" said Dan. "We shall never forget you, sir. Would you like a few ponies for your children? We have some real gentle animals."

"Thank you all the same," was the Minister's response; "my children are too big for ponies. Good-day."

As the friends quitted the place, Benkei remarked:

"Why not let my father take the animals to Saitama? We own a farm near the city, and our people can care for them until we return from America."

The boys thought this a good idea, and when Ben spoke about it to his parents, the old gentleman said he would carry out his son's wish.

The party sat down to supper, and during the meal Orville and Dan invited them to go to the performance, and about seven o'clock they proceeded to the theatre, where they listened to the merry strains of "H. M. S. Pinafore."

"What do you think of it, Miss Ida?" whispered Orville to her at the conclusion of the second act.

The young lady leaned back in her chair, and closing her eyes, enthusiastically replied:

"Oh! I am transported with happiness! I feel like the thousand-spirit-bird when it beholds the first blossoming of the plum-trees."

"Ben," murmured the bewildered boy to his friend, "what does your sister mean?"

"She means that she is tickled to death," was his answer. "You wouldn't have her say so right out, would you?"

Orv was about to say yes, when the curtain once more rose and the play proceeded.

"How do you like 'Little Buttercup'?" said Dan to Miss Tsu-ku.

The pretty girl cast down her eyes and responded warmly:

"She is like a beautiful ripe cherry. As I listen to her voice I experience the emotion of a stranger who for the first time beholds the mountain of Fujiyama."

The lad looked at his brother in a bewildered manner, and presently observed, in a low tone:

"Orv, before we come back here we shall have to study the Japanese poets."

"Yes," said Orville; "we are nowhere with the young ladies now."

At the conclusion of the performance he was about to suggest that they should visit the American restaurant and give their charming companions some ice-cream. However, remembering the national dislike to milk, he did not carry out his intention, and they returned to the inn.

The next morning Benkei received the imperial permission to visit America, no bond being required from his father, and after the party had purchased clothing, for the voyage they paid their bill at the Golden Lily and proceeded to Yokohama by rail.

"This is like home," cried Orv, as the train sped upon its way. "Why don't you go to the States with us, Mr. Benkei?"

"I am too far advanced in years," he answered. "We have a saying, 'Send the child you love most on a journey, and then he will not be spoiled.'"

As they rattled along, Orville pointed out of the window of the car, and indicating a ship down the bay, cried:

"There's our vessel, the *City of Tokio*. In her we shall travel several thousand miles."

Everything was excitement and bustle, and the Benkeis were like children in their wonderment.

Upon reaching Yokohama they proceeded to the American Consul's, where they received a hearty welcome, and found a number of packages which had been forwarded from Waka-matsu by Benkei Hirano.

The remainder of the day was spent in dispatching their luggage to the vessel, in purchasing exchange on New York for Ben, and in having their photographs taken to send to their various friends in Japan.

About ten o'clock the next morning they embarked on board the steamer, and after bidding farewell to Mr. and Mrs. Benkei and the ladies, started on their homeward journey.

As they steamed down the bay of Yedo Benkei dried his eyes, and waving his hands back to the city, exclaimed:

"*Sai-o-nara! Sai-o-nara!* (Farewell.) I will come back with knowledge that shall make the glory of Japan shine beyond the sea!"

That evening Orville and Dan stood aback, and watching the fast-vanishing crest of Fuji, simultaneously remarked:

"Good-by, grand old mountain. We'll see you again some day."

CHAPTER LIV.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

SPACE will not permit our folly describing the journey of the friends from Japan to California, so we shall content ourselves with relating one incident of the voyage.

Like true sailors, Orville and Dan loved to be aloft, and Benkei, spite of a tendency to prolonged sea-sickness, insisted upon accompanying them, and, perched up in the top, received and gave lessons in writing.

On the thirteenth day out, as the friends were busily engaged in their studies, Dan happened to glance across the horizon, when he saw something rising and falling upon the waves, on which he unsung his telescope and brought it to bear upon the object.

"Is it a sea-serpent?" laughingly inquired Orville.

"No," was the answer. "It is a piece of wreck and there's somebody on it. You take my place and I'll go down and tell the captain what I have seen.

Dan descended the rigging and made his report to the commander, who returned with him to the top and made a careful survey of the object, then said:

"I think you are wrong about there being anyone on that piece of timber. I shall not go out of my course to further examine it."

"Oh, do, captain," pleaded Orville. "If we are wrong, you won't lose much time. It would be dreadful to leave the poor creature to his fate."

The captain thought a while, and replied:

"My lads, I am responsible to the owners of this vessel, and have a schedule of time which I must keep. It would never do for me to stop and overhaul every stray spar I see."

"That is true," said Benkei; "but you would not like to leave a man to perish. It would be inhuman."

The commander shrugged his shoulders, and was about to return to the deck when Dan, who had kept his glance upon the derelict, cried:

"There's a man on it; I see him move! For heaven's sake let's go to his assistance!"

The captain once more leveled his glass, and after a close inspection of the object, remarked:

"I see something, and will take your word that it is a man;" then calling the officer of the watch, shouted: "Mr. Tompkins, put her head to the south, and tell the engineer to proceed at full speed."

"May brother and I go in the boat?" asked Orv, as they followed him down the rigging.

"Yes, if you wish," was the answer.

Half an hour from that time the vessel was close to a mass of timber, to which was lashed a man, reduced by hunger to a mere skeleton.

"Give way, boys," cried the chief officer, as the boat left the ship's side; "we have no time to lose."

As they swung alongside the wreck, Orville and Dan jumped upon it and cut the rope that bound the man to his support, and on raising him discovered he was their old tyrant, Cheeseman.

They took him on board the steamer and nursed him back to life, though when he became convalescent the boys declined to associate with him, Orville saying:

"We are willing to do anything for you, and are thankful it was through us that you were rescued. We have long ago forgiven your conduct to us, still we have no desire for your further acquaintance, as we cannot forget how shamefully you treated your crew."

When they arrived at San Francisco they paid his railway-fare across the continent, and returned the hundred dollars they had received him from at Hako-date, thus doing good for evil.

The journey home was accomplished without accident, and one bright morning in October they arrived at the Cooperstown depot, where Orville and Dan beheld their father and mother, and sisters Nellie and Rose.

For a moment the lads resisted the impulse of their hearts, but the feeling did not last long, and they soon were in the arms of their dear ones, hugging them heartily.

"Why, my boys, how you have grown!" said Mrs. Fillamore, glancing first at one and then at the other at her sons.

"You, dear old Orville, how handsome you look!" sobbed Nellie.

"Dan," cried the excited Rose, clinging to her brother, "thank heaven you have escaped those awful savages."

"I presume, sir, you are Mr. Yuno Benkei," said Mr. Fillamore, addressing the stranger, who was regarding the scene sympathetically.

"Yes, I am Benkei," was the answer. "Please don't worry about me."

"We forget you, old chum," said the delighted Orville. "Mother, father, Nellie and Rose, this is our good friend and brother, Ben. I tell you it it had not been for him you might never have seen us again."

When Rose shook hands with their visitor, she bit her lip and said, blushingly:

"You will forgive the observation I just now made, will you not, sir?"

"Oh, dear me, yes," he good-humoredly replied. "You are quite right; some of my countrymen are half-savages. We are improving, miss."

Further conversation was interrupted by the crowd that had assembled to welcome the wanderers, and for some time the travelers did nothing but shake hands with old and new friends, and it was with difficulty they reached their carriages and moved through the throng.

"Three cheers for Orville and Dan!" cried one of their schoolfellows, fixing the flag from their luggage and unfurling it triumphantly.

Everybody responded with a will, and when they had saluted the boys, some one shouted:

"Three cheers for the Jap!"

As the latter demonstration ended, Orv whispered to Benkei: "You don't mind being called a Jap, do you, chum?"

"Bless you, no," he said. "My friends can name me what they please. I only object to titles given me by my enemies."

"I am willing to go anywhere with you."

"But what shall we do when they are studying, Nell?" laughingly inquired Rose.

The merry girl glanced mischievously at her brothers and their friend, then said:

"We! Oh! we'll look out for *The Chums at Harvard College*."

THE END.

THE HUNTER'S LIFE.—INDIANS CATCHING WHITE-FISH AMONG THE RAPIDS OF THE COLUMBIA RIVER, WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

THE HUNTER'S LIFE.

ALONG the shores of the Columbia River, in Washington Territory, are many settlements of Chippewa and French half-breed Indians, who have there congregated in consequence of the excellent facilities for fishing. The scene in the midst of the rapids, where the water boils and dashes past the boulders that rise suddenly from the river's bed, is not only exciting to the tourists, but indicative of one opportunity the Indians enjoy of gaining a subsistence.

The Columbia, as well as other rivers flowing into icy water, swarms with white-fish, a member of the salmon family peculiar to North America. In October they enter the rivers to spawn, and after a visit of three or four weeks, they commence their migrations. The Indians pass the Rapids in their well-braced canoes, and furnished with stout gill-nets, scoop the fish as they attempt to leave the locality. The labor and exposure of catching this dainty marine food by such means is very great, and on Lake Chadpiain the Indians calculate the time of retreat, and spread seines which collect large numbers. This fish, as its name implies, is of whitish color, and forms the principal food of these Indians and the fur-traders of British America. It resembles the shad, and its flesh is of exquisite flavor.

Young Pickwick's Schooldays.

CHAPTER VIII.

[Continued from page 365.]

"HA, ha, ha!" yelled Bob Fairfit, suddenly, as the Diddler led the fat boy in his cocked hat out of the room; "there goes a fat."

The fat boy sat down on the side of the bed when he reached his room, and looked at the Diddler through a mist of tears.

"No breakfast," he sighed; "and oh, I do so smart just below my back. Oh, I think he's cut a piece or two out of me, and I'm so hungry. Diddler, I can't stand this much longer."

The Diddler sighed in sympathy as he passed his hand over his empty stomach.

"It is not behind I suffer; it is here. I'll write to my mother and complain of the way I am treated," said the fat boy. "She'll send me such a jolly hamper when she hears how I am starved; for although I am only page-boy, she makes good cakes and won't have me starved."

"Will she, though—will she?" cried the Diddler, "Why didn't you write before, dear boy?"

"I never have the time, somehow," said the fat boy, sleepily.

"Wake up, sweet youth," cried the Diddler. "Here's pen, ink, and paper—strike while the iron's hot—nothing like it. Get hamper full of prog from your mother, and Diddler will bless you, dear boy."

"All right," said Swags, sitting down at the table. "What shall I say?"

"Put it strong—pile up the agony," cried the Diddler, looking over the fat boy's shoulder.

The bloated youth's pen trailed over the paper and dropped upon the floor.

He had fallen asleep.

The Diddler picked up the pen and looked at the sheet of note-paper.

The fat boy's handwriting was very easy to imitate, and he would never finish the letter himself.

Pushing him aside, the Diddler bent down and finished the letter.

"Ha! that will do; good for Diddler."

He folded and addressed the epistle, and hastily thrust it into one of his numerous pockets.

Footsteps were approaching.

"Where's Swags? the horrible young wretch!" shrieked the cook, bursting into the room. "Oh, there you are?" she cried, snatching the cocked hat from the head of the sleeping Swags. "I'll teach you to cut up my bedroom window-curtains and dress yourself in them."

"Curtains!" cried Swags, opening his eyes. "I don't want curtains. I want something to eat."

He had not yet become aware that he was dressed in other than his ordinary attire.

"Don't put on that innocent look. Take that!" cried Mrs. Hardlopp, giving him a slap on the face that felled him like an ox.

YOUNG PICKWICK'S SCHOOLDAYS.—"YOUNG PICKWICK AND HIS COMPANIONS FULLED WITH A VENGEANCE."

The Diddler assisted Swags to riot, and so he did so the fat boy saw his own reflection in a small mirror.

"Oh, Lor', what have you been doing to me, cook?" he said, with indignation.

"Put it on somebody else's shoulders, do!" said the cook. "You know you did it."

"Now I put it to you," cried the fat boy; "could I have stood behind my own back and sewed these curtains on my own legs?"

"There's nothing you wouldn't do to annoy and worrit!" cried Mrs. Hardtopp, angrily rubbing her inflamed face. "Diddler, I'll go outside while he takes 'em off his fat legs."

"No occasion to go outside, beautiful creature," cried the Diddler, kissing his hand to the fat cook; "another pair underneath—wouldn't sew 'em on his own skin—painful—very."

Mrs. Hardtopp suddenly clutched hold of one of the boy's legs, and he fell.

"Take hold of the t'other leg, Diddler," said Mrs. Hardtopp, pulling away with all her strength.

The Diddler obeyed.

"Don't pull so hard," cried the fat boy. "I shall split in two halves in another minute."

"We shall have to cut 'em off," cried Mrs. Hardtopp, producing a huge pair of scissors.

"Oh, I say, don't! You are cutting my flesh," yelled the fat boy.

"Your flesh is of no consequence," cried the cook. "But I don't want to spile your trowsers, and I won't if you keep quiet."

The fat boy rolled over on his face with a groan.

"Thank goodness she's gone," said Swags, when Mrs. Hardtopp had triumphantly departed with the curtains. "Diddler, did I write the letter to my mother for the hamper?"

"All serene, dear boy," cried the Diddler, slapping his pocket. "Good letter—bring an answer—big hamper. "Diddler your friend."

"I'm very glad I finished writing it," said the fat boy, looking puzzled.

"Take a nap, dear boy," said the Diddler. "I'll be back—half a jiffy."

And he went in search of Tony Wilkins, the odd boy, not yet promoted to buttons, whose father drove the London coach.

The elder Wilkins was in the habit of delivering letters for the boys, who paid him well for the privilege of privately communicating with their friends.

CHAPTER IX.

YOUNG PICKWICK TO THE RESCUE.

TUPPY had an appointment with the young lady on whom he had set his affections.

Not a suspicion of treachery ever entered Tuppy Tunstall's mind, but the Diddler had arranged some fun.

"How do I look?" he said, nervously.

"Fine!" cried the Diddler, turning him round. "Splendid get-up—very. You'll win her heart—no time—you look handsome—very."

"I flatter myself that I do not look amiss," said Tuppy, running his hand through his curls, and smirking at his own reflection in the looking-glass; "but I must go now."

The Diddler, having seen Tuppy Tunstall depart, went in search of young Pickwick.

"Come along, Picky," he cried; "Tuppy's gone to make love, and so on—make haste—don't want to lose the fun."

"I am coming," said Pickwick, calling for two or three of his friends; "come along, boys; there's sport before us."

The boys walked down the road, talking gayly.

Mr. Belcher was at his post.

But on consideration of the heavy bribes he had received on the previous day, he took a pinch of snuff as the boys passed, and buried his broad face in a huge pocket-handkerchief.

The boys soon reached the town, and paused before the house that sheltered Tuppy Tunstall's treasure.

"We shall have to climb over the wall to see the fun," said young Pickwick.

"Of course you will now. All right," said the Diddler. "Up you go—over you go—there you are."

"Not so fast," said young Pickwick, nervously; "you throw me over head first."

The energetic Diddler gave the speaker a sudden push, and he shot over the wall like a rocket, alighting on his head.

"You should not have been in such a hurry," said Bob Fairfit. "Ha, ha, ha! Picky's sticking up heels first, and his head in a heap of rubbish."

"Hold that noise, Bob," cried Hinkle; "do you want to spoil the fun?"

Bob was silent, and the other boys were soon seated on the top of the wall, excepting the Diddler.

"Are you coming?" said young Pickwick, brushing the dirt from his clothes and looking up at them.

"Changed my mind, Picky," cried the Diddler; "safe here. You can have all the fun over there."

"Oh," said young Pickwick, slowly taking up his position beside his schoolfellows; "then I wish you had not thrown me over the wall so quick."

Meanwhile Tuppy Tunstall, by the aid of a cistern, had posted himself outside a lighted window, and was softly tapping the glass with his finger-nails, according to the Diddler's instructions.

This continued for some time, and then Tuppy ventured to peer into the room.

It was unoccupied.

"Perhaps she is detained down-stairs by her father, and intends me to enter," thought Tuppy Tunstall.

The window was half open.

He pushed it up a little higher and stepped into the room.

Tuppy then seated himself in a chair and fixed his eyes upon the floor, saying:

"I'll wait here."

He could hear footsteps approaching, and prepared to fall at the feet of his "lady love."

But, to his surprise and consternation, a little old gentleman limped into the room.

"Hallo! Oh, oh! Thieves! murder! Make haste, some of you; I've caught a thief," cried the old gentleman, clutching Tuppy Tunstall by the collar and flourishing a gold-headed cane over his curls.

Hastily shaking the old gentleman off, Tuppy made for the window by which he had entered the apartment.

He swung himself out into the darkness; but his feet found no rest, and his hold upon the narrow window-ledge relaxing, he fell into the the cistern with a loud splash.

One of his kind friends on the wall had taken the precaution to remove the lid.

"Oh, oh, I shall be drowned!" shouted poor Tuppy.

"Ha! ha! ha!" shouted the familiar voice of the Diddler.

Scrambling out of the cistern as best he could, the disappointed and dejected Tuppy hastened across the garden.

"There he goes!" cried the old gentleman, flinging open the back door and hastening after Tuppy as fast as he could hobble.

"We must not let Tuppy be taken," said Bob Fairfit, picking some moss off the wall and throwing it in the old gentleman's face.

While that individual was picking the dust out of his eyes, Tuppy was dragged over the wall by his gleeful schoolfellows.

He looked exceedingly sheepish as they hurried him away.

"What did your sweetheart say?" asked the Diddler. "Everlasting love, fresh appointment, and so on—eh, Tuppy?"

"I'll never forgive you—never!" cried Tuppy Tunstall, trying to look dignified.

"Ha! ha! ha!" yelled Bob Fairfit. "Tuppy, old boy, you're sold again."

"I tell you to hold that row," said Tinkle, angrily.

When they reached the turnpike road they slackened their speed.

"What is that?" cried young Pickwick, suddenly coming to a halt as the sound of suppressed sobbing fell upon his ear.

The boys looked at each other.

"I, for one, am going to find out what it means," said Bob, getting through a gap in the hedge.

All followed, with the exception of Tuppy Tunstall, who stood in the road.

"Why, it's Tom Ely," said Bob.

"Hallos!" cried the so-called Tom Ely, confronting them. "What do you all want here?"

"Never you mind," said young Pickwick. "What have you been doing to Benny? Why, he is crying."

"He had a nasty fall as we were coming to meet you," said Tom Ely. "Didn't you, Benny?"

"There's no occasion for you to keep so close to him," said Pickwick. "Stand aside, or I'll make you."

"How, Benny, what is the matter?"

"I did fall down," returned Benny, keeping his eyes upon Tom, and nervously locking his hands together.

"I don't believe a word of it," commented young Pickwick. "Ely has been knocking you about."

"Say that again," cried Tom Ely, "and I'll punch you."

"You can't," retorted Pickwick; "try it on if you like. Come, Benny."

"Benny is going to walk with me," said Tom.

"Think I had better," said Benny, drawing back. "Thank you all the same, Pickwick."

"Look here," said Tom Ely, suddenly, "I don't want to quarrel. Let's shake hands all round."

"No, thank you," said young Pickwick.

"Oh, all right; you can do the other thing," returned Tom Ely.

He and Benny kept in the rear of the other boys, as they walked toward the turnpike.

"I have got you to thank for this," said Tom to little Benny, angrily; "wait until we are alone."

"What will you do then?" asked young Pickwick, who had overheard the words.

"Serve him out for whimpering about nothing," returned Tom.

"Perhaps you won't have the chance," retorted Pickwick. "At least, not when I am by to protect him."

"Won't I?" said Tom Ely, with a scowl. "Wait and see."

"I'll wait; and understand I'm no bully, but I'll fight when I'm called upon."

Young Pickwick then, linking his arm in that of his friend, entered into an animated conversation with him.

"Talking about me, I expect," muttered Tom Ely to himself. "Well, it doesn't matter; I'll be even with them some day. I never forgive an insult."

The schoolhouse was now in sight.

"I say, Diddler," said young Pickwick, when they had scaled the walls, "do you think Tony will keep good faith?"

Before the Diddler could make a reply, a rough, unkempt head was thrust out of a small window, three feet from the ground.

"My eye!" exclaimed Tony Wilkins, for it was he, "ain't you late! Don't make a noise or you'll catch it."

"We are late. Never mind," cried the Diddler; "sha'n't occur again—not till next time—'pon honor—now, old man, help us through—pull away."

"Come along with you," retorted Tony, who was assisting the boys to squeeze themselves through the small window.

"Where's Snorter?" asked Pickwick, with some anxiety, when they were all safe again in the passage.

"Well," said Tony Wilkins, grinning from ear to ear, "he went into the back washus arter supper, and somebody locked the door and lost the key. I am looking for it now, and expects to find it just as soon as you have tumbled into bed."

"Capital! I see you're up to a thing or two," cried young Pickwick, slapping him on the back. "Up we go, boys."

The boys began to ascend the stairs.

But the Diddler had lingered behind for a moment.

"Letter safe?" he whispered.

"Safe as the bank," returned Tony. "The elder Wilkins will look arter that; so make your mind easy, as the mad bull said to the little old gentleman."

CHIEF OF A FISHING TRIBE. LAPLAND BRIDE AND GROOM AT HAMMERFEST." SPITZBERGEN HARPOON FISHER. SAMOYEDE CHIEFS.

TALES WITH BOYS ABOUT FOREIGN LANDS.—THE LAPLANDERS.—SEE PAGE 382.

CHAPTER X.

A PLEASANT LITTLE PARTY.

THERE was much excitement amongst the majority of Doctor Waddle's pupils as they stood in the playground, with the afternoon sun streaming down upon them.

The doctor had sent out invitations for an evening party to celebrate the fifteenth birthday of his only daughter, and his pupils were to share in the festivities.

"Diddler," said Swags, in a confidential whisper, "have you been down in the kitchen to-day?"

"No," returned the Diddler.

"Oh, my! then you have lost a treat," cried the fat boy, with dilated eyes. "Mrs. Hardtopp is making custards, tarts, pies, and there's a great joint of beef, a couple of geese, and a turkey hanging up in the larder. Oh, the kitchen smells lovely!"

"Very nice," observed the Diddler. "Think you will be asked? All the others are—I shan't—too shabby."

"Of course I shall be asked," said the fat boy, with dignity. "Diddler, I am going for a walk. Will you come with me?"

The astonished Diddler acquiesced; it was the first time that the fat boy had ever volunteered to take exercise of any kind.

"Strange fancy—very. Swags, I never knew you to propose a walk before. What's up, old man?" said the Diddler. "Won't you fall asleep?"

"No," said swags, and then he added in a tragic whisper, as they walked down the road: "I have something of the utmost importance to tell you, Diddler."

Swags was very serious, indeed; it was evident that something unusual had occurred.

"Now what is the matter?" asked the Diddler, when they had gone some distance.

"Why, Diddler, you know that I'm fond of good things, and I'm going to have a lot."

"All right—eat—stuff—don't burst, though—unpleasant, very."

"My mother has had a lot of money left her, and she's going to send a jolly lot of good things."

"Cakes—pots of jam—oranges—all jolly."

"And you know, Diddler, I've been almost like a servant here; had to clean boots, put the breakfast things on the table; but that's all over. My mother has sent me a lot of fine clothes, and I'm to be one of the young gentleman like the rest."

"Right—but let us get back—Diddler's your friend—see you right."

So back to school they went.

Here Swags met with a cruel disappointment.

He was not invited to attend Miss Waddle's birthday party, and he was particularly requested to betake himself to bed, so as to be out of the way of the company.

"Not asked?" said the fat boy, faintly, when the news was broken to him by the dismal page. "Snorter, lend me your pocket-handkerchief; I feel I am an injured boy."

"No use crying," said the Diddler, as he and Joey led the fat boy to his chamber; "better luck next time—don't be down in the mouth—foolish—very. Have another walk—do you good."

"A long walk! No, thank you; I don't want a walk; I want something to eat," said the fat boy, mournfully, shaking his head.

Swags and the Diddler had not walked a quarter of a mile together.

"Why wasn't he asked?" said the Diddler; "good clothes—smart necktie, and splendid appetite."

"The doctor's daughter wouldn't have it," returned the dismal page. "Mrs. Hardtopp told her about the pork and beans, and she is afraid that he would eat up all the supper."

"Oh!" said the Diddler, smiling pleasantly. "Ha, I remember; she informed her one day that he liked her very much. Perhaps she's afraid he might eat her up with the other nice things. Ha, ha!"

The Diddler, having seen the fat boy disrobe, was standing by the window, looking out at the deserted playground, when some one knocked at the door.

"Come in," cried the Diddler, without turning his head.

The Honorable Fitzsham entered, elegantly attired.

"What, not ready, Diddler? How's this, old boy?"

The Diddler laughed.

"Ready for what?" he asked.

"This party, you know," drawled Fitzsham. "I'm an awful bore, of course."

"We haven't been asked, and I'm so hungry," said the fat boy, suddenly putting his head from under the blankets.

He was asleep again before Fitzsham could look round.

"Is what that animal says true?" asked Fitzsham, glancing at the huge form outlined by the bedclothes.

The Diddler nodded.

"It doesn't matter," he said; "I couldn't go—nothing to wear—awkward—very."

A tear stood in his eye as he glanced at his clothes.

"Do you think my things will fit you?" said Fitzsham, and before the Diddler could make any reply, he had left the apartment.

He presently reappeared with a suit of clothes hanging over his arm.

"Diddler, old fellow, try these on," he said.

The Diddler obeyed with great alacrity.

They were rather tight, and there was a gap between the waistcoat and trowsers.

But the Diddler was well satisfied.

"Very kind, but won't do," he said, suddenly; "Doctor Waddle—quick tempered—turn me out in no time."

"Not he," returned Fitzsham; "come along."

"Oh, I say, where are you going?" cried the fat boy, suddenly sitting up in bed.

"No go," said the Diddler; "can't leave Swags—might come after me—awful appetite—so on."

"Let's lock up his clothes and leave him to howl," suggested Fitzsham.

No sooner said than done, and the fat boy was left to his own reflections.

Fitzsham and the Diddler waited until some of the visitors had arrived before entering the reception-room.

Doctor and Mrs. Waddle received their unexpected guest with an icy stare.

The Diddler was in no wise disconcerted.

Fitzsham and the Diddler walked toward a group of schoolfellows.

"Hallos!" said Pickwick, in an undertone; "spun here? Well, I am glad. What a swell you are, old man!"

"Yes," said the Diddler; "Fitzsham managed it—fine fellow—like him much. I shall catch it to-morrow, though."

"Where's Swags?" asked young Pickwick.

"Up in his room—clothes hidden—can't come after me," said the Diddler, with a chuckle.

"Serves him right," returned young Pickwick; "shouldn't have cribbed our pastry the other night. He ate enough to last him a week."

The Diddler chuckled again from very lightness of heart, and said:

"Swags don't know where he puts it all."

"I say, Fitzsham," said Dick Sandiff, suddenly, "there's old Waddle beckoning you like mad. What's up?"

"I suppose he is going to lecture me for bringing in the Diddler," said Fitzsham.

He made his way across the rapidly filling room, and passed before the master.

"My daughter wishes to know you, Fitzsham," said the doctor, graciously.

The Honorable Fitzsham found himself bowing to an overgrown young lady, with a sharp face and a sharper manner.

He left called upon to request the favor of her hand for the first dance.

"Thank you," said Miss Polly Waddle; "I shall be most happy."

Fitzsham stood beside the young lady waiting for the music to strike up, with an uneasy conviction that he was the observed of all observers.

"Lor'!" cried Miss Polly Waddle, with an affected giggle; "do look; did you ever see such a creature?"

"I beg your pardon," said Fitzsham.

"That Diddler, you know," retorted Miss Polly Waddle.

"Oh, the Diddler," said Fitzsham; "I am sorry you don't like him, poor fellow. He is a great favorite of mine."

"I have seen very little of him," said Miss Polly Waddle, who had been commanded to make herself as agreeable as possible to this sprig of nobility.

"I'll bring him to you," said Fitzsham, and went in search of the Diddler.

The eccentric youth was led into Miss Polly Waddle, who received him with surprising cordiality.

"Will you do me a favor?" said Fitzsham, bending over Miss Polly Waddle's chair.

The doctor, who was passing, gave his daughter an approving nod.

"With pleasure," retorted Miss Polly Waddle.

"Then will you give the first dance to the Diddler?" said Fitzsham.

"But I am engaged to you," said Miss Waddle, looking much chagrined.

"Oh, I'll let you off," returned Fitzsham.

"Delightful—great honor—never forget it—allow me," said the Diddler.

And the band commencing to play at that moment, the Diddler put his arm round the fair Polly Waddle's waist, and led her into the centre of the room.

The doctor was standing in a corner, talking to a group of his most particular friends, and carelessly eyed the dancers as they whirled by in rapid succession.

But he suddenly grew purple in the face; could he believe his eyes?

Here was his daughter, the pride of his heart, dancing with the Diddler.

"Oh, he shall pay for this to-morrow," thought the doctor, grinding his teeth.

"Mr. and Miss Lightbody," announced the dismal page, throwing open the door.

The doctor's face resumed its usual placid expression, as he advanced to meet a limping little old gentleman, who entered with a very pretty girl upon his arm.

"What are you staring at? What is the matter, Pickwick?" asked Fitzsham.

"Oh! ha, ha! I shall die!" cried young Pickwick, shaking with laughter; "do you see that little old gentleman? Oh, oh, ha, ha!"

"Do keep quiet, Pickwick; I see him," said Fitzsham.

"He is the man that took Tuppy Tunstall for a thief, when he went courting his daughter," retorted young Pickwick. "There will be an explosion when they come face to face. Diddler's in the fun."

"Where's Tuppy?" asked Fitzsham; "shall we warn him?"

"No," said young Pickwick, decidedly; "we don't want to spoil sport."

They were joined by the Diddler, who had resigned Miss Polly Waddle to a new partner.

"Oh, I shall get more than I care for from Waddle to-morrow," he said. "But what's the game?"

Young Pickwick hastily explained matters.

The boys watched Lightbody with interest.

But nothing occurred to mar the little man's enjoyment until the party adjourned to the supper-room.

Mrs. Waddle innocently placed Mr. Lightbody directly opposite Tuppy.

The gentleman looked at that youth with indignation.

He resolved to have an explanation with his host and hostess after supper.

"I'll find out who he is, and give him in charge; he looks a desperate character," thought the little old gentleman.

The doctor's pupils and the rest of the company were in high spirits.

But the doctor looked at the Diddler with horror.

Taking advantage of the presence of strangers, that youth partook of everything in turn; in fact, he let nothing pass him.

He was more liberal with the doctor's wine than he would have been had it belonged to him, and his loud voice and disjointed talk drew the attention of everybody at the table.

"Have a custard, Miss Lighthody?" said the Diddler, offering the young lady one. "Very nice—do you good—I like them."

He then put half a dozen in his own plate.

The supper was nearly over, when a strange noise was heard without.

"Sounds uncommonly like an elephant coming down-stairs," said one of the guests.

"Oh, protect me!" cried a romantic young lady, flinging her arms round Young Pickwick's neck. "Is it a ghost? Oh, do hold me tight!"

In another moment the door opened and the fat boy stood on the threshold, in his shirt.

He appeared to be asleep.

The ladies screamed, and turned away their heads in dire confusion.

"Fie, fie! Oh, you naughty boy!" cried the Diddler, putting his hand over his eyes; "in his shirt; before ladies, too—awkward—very. What shall we do with the naughty boy in his shirt?"

"Oh, I am so hungry; I could pick a little bit," said the fat boy, suddenly opening his eyes and laying his hand on a turkey.

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled young Pickwick as the ladies retreated to the upper part of the room. "Never saw such a lark in all my life. You must have had a hand in it, Diddler. Ha, ha!"

The doctor was paralyzed with rage.

Only the rather, Peter Purkis, had presence of mind to catch up a sofa cover and throw it over the fat boy, who had taken a seat, and was swallowing a dozen of oysters.

"Fie! to the meaning of this disgusting spectacle? Who's that fat boy in his shirt?" said Mr. Lightbody, rising from his chair. "I consider myself insulted."

"What do you mean, sir?" said the doctor, also rising; "is it my fault that one of my pupils walks in his sleep, and in his shirt only?"

"You are a monster!" cried Mr. Lightbody.

"You are an ass!" retorted Doctor Waddle who had taken just a little more wine than was good for him.

"Let me only get at that disgraceful man," cried Mr. Lightbody, making a sudden dive at his host.

"Joey," said Doctor Waddle to the dismal page, behind his chair, "turn that man out of my house."

"How can I turn him out?" said Joey Snorter, bursting into tears. "He won't let me."

"What do I employ you for?" cried the doctor. "Do as I tell you."

"Oh, you'll turn me out, will you?" said Mr. Lightbody, cutting the dismal page across the head; "just try it on; but take that first."

"Ho, ho ho!" yelled Joey Snorter.

"Ha, ha, ha!" screamed young Pickwick. "One for your soft nob, Snorter."

"Please take papa away," said Miss Lightbody, appealing to Tuppy and the Diddler. "He will do some one an injury if you don't."

"I might have known what to expect," said the little old gentleman, looking at Tuppy. "A man is known by the company he keeps, and I know that one person present is a thief."

"What does the creature mean?" cried Doctor Waddle. "He must be mad. Boys, assist Joey Snorter in his removal."

The boys needed nothing better.

"Hurrah, boys! out he goes—he's only a Lightbody. Hurrah!"

"Leave me alone," cried Mr. Lightbody, firmly grasping the table-cloth. "Boys, leave me alone."

The boys, who was calmly clearing the dishes one after the other, took not the slightest notice of what was going on around him.

He gently pushed Mr. Lightbody aside, as he reached across to secure some article of food on which he had set his heart.

"Now, ready, boys! pull together," cried young Pickwick, catching hold of Mr. Lightbody's coat-tails.

Young Pickwick's companions came to his assistance, and pulled with a vengeance.

But the little old gentleman still clung to the cloth, and as the boys dragged him away, the table was cleared with a sudden crash.

"Come along, old mischief," cried the Diddler.

"Come along, or you'll be pulling the house down next," and the indignant Lightbody was dragged along the passage and down the front steps.

The carriage-door was flung open, and the gentleman was bundled in without ceremony.

(To be continued.)

"Young Pickwick's Schooldays" was commenced in No. 685.

EASY LESSONS IN PHONOGRAPHY, OR SHORT-HAND.

THIS lesson concludes our exercises or drill on the word-signs, with the exception of a few that were included in the lists lately published, but which are not of so frequent occurrence. These you can use yourself by necessarily repeating some of the other signs to make sense. If you have not followed us carefully since the first instalment of the word-signs, and the subsequent exercises, you had better review, writing and rewriting one sign at a time, until it is perfectly memorized, and can be recalled the moment you see or hear the word. Then write each sentence from the nomenclature or description, and compare with the out. When you have done this you have acquired a great deal, and will find great pleasure in using the signs for these frequent words in your reading and from speech. Remember the omission of figure 3 after the name of a sign means second position, or on the line.

NOMENCLATURE.

Jefty, Wuh, Bee Ter², Petty (the), Def¹, Spiret¹, Chesty, Bee, Ter², Petty, Thees², Enters, Thet¹, Bel¹, Petty, Ged¹,

Iss-Yes, Kens, Mer, Then², Kay¹, Lay, Kay, Pee, Bee¹, Ard, Bette¹, Thet¹, Yer, Kay,

Ther¹, Petty¹, Ther, Ber², Lay, Fel¹, Yuh.

Detty- En, Men, En-ing¹,

TRANSLATION.

Whoever would be true to the Divine Spirit should be true to those matters that belong to God.

Several questions more than common will come up to be heard about that very country.

Either of their number will follow you.

Owe no man anything.

REPORTING STYLE.

The reporting style is the same as the corresponding style, of which we have been treating most until lately, except that the forms in reporting are abbreviated more or less, and have all the vowels omitted. To preserve the legibility, however, the position of each sign is made to determine what vowel or vowels should appear; for instance, all words, as a rule, whose accented vowel is either long *e* or *ou*, short *i* and short *o*, or diphthongs *i* or *oi*, are written in the first place or position—that is, above the line. Words whose accented vowel is either long *a* or *o*, short *e* or short *u*, are written in the second place or position—that is, on the line. Words whose accented vowel is either *ah*, long *oo*, short *o*, short *oo*, or diphthong *ou* or *ow*, in the third place—that is, through or below the line. So also when these vowels have W or Y before them, *i. e.*, *we*, *wa*, etc. These vowel-sounds, you will notice, govern the position of the reporting signs according to the place they occupy in relation to the normal T-sign in the vowel scales. The least distinguishing part of the word is generally topped off in making it a reporting-sign. The following out illustrates, first the simpler style, then the reporting style. What is not understood in the latter will be explained in after lessons.

SAME IN REPORTING STYLE.

(To be continued.)

Talks with Boys about Foreign Lands.

THE LAPLANDERS.

THE Lapps may almost be regarded as a nation of Liliputians. Their men seldom exceed five feet in height, while the majority are some inches below that very moderate stature; and the women are even shorter. They are, however, a robust race, with muscular limbs and unusual girth of body, the circumference of their chest being nearly equal to their height. Their complexion is dark, tawny, or copper-colored; their dark, piercing, deep-sunken eyes are set very wide apart, so as to communicate a peculiar character to the physiognomy.

The wild, strange effect is further increased by the unkempt masses of dark, lank, straight hair which droop on either side of the whimsical, beardless face. The cheek bones are prominent, like those of a Celtic Highlander; the nose is flat; the mouth wide, with thin, compressed lips.

It may be supposed that the Lapps, from these indications, are not models of masculine or feminine beauty; and Doctor Clarke asserts that, when aged, many of them, if exposed in a menagerie, might be mistaken for the long-lost transitional form intermediate between man and ape. And, certainly, there is something repulsive in the constant blinking of eyes rendered sore by the pungent smoke of their huts or the white glare of the snow, as well as in the expression of obstinacy and low cunning which one reads in every feature.

An aristocrat might be proud of their small and finely-shaped hands; but their arms, like their legs, are disproportionately short, clumsy and thick. Clumsy, we mean, in shape; certainly not in movement, for their extraordinary flexibility of their limbs is one of the traits by which a Lapp is easily distinguished.

Of the dress of the Lapps it is needless to say much. In Winter it consists of bears' skins, in which both male and female wrap themselves up, with the fur outward. In Summer the men wear a sort of tunic, the *poesk*, made of coarse light-colored woolen cloth, depending to the knee, but bound about the waist with a belt or girdle. Their head-gear consists of a kind of fez, made of wool, and adorned with a red worsted band round the rim, and a bright-red tassel. Their boots or shoes are cut from the raw skin of the reindeer, with the hair outward, and they are peaked in shape. They are thin, and have no lining; but the Lapp defends his feet and ankles from the cold by stuffing the vacant space of the boot with the broad leaves of the *Carex vesicaria*, or Cyperus grass, which he cuts in Summer, rubs in his hands, and dries before using. The female costume resembles that of the males, but their girdles are gayer with rings and chains.

The Lapps are a superstitious race. Like all the Norse tribes, they believe in witchcraft; and of old the Lapland witches had a reputation which extended to England, for being able to ward off rain or disperse storms. The English seamen trading to Archangel frequently visited their coast in order to buy a favorable wind.

Many of the Lapps claim the ability to foretell future events, and fall, or pretend to fall, into a trance or ecstasy, during which they see visions, utter prophecies, and unlock the secrets of those who trust to their divination. They also read the fortunes of inquiring fingers by means of a cup of liquor, or by the vulgarest jargon of palmistry.

Superstition is the daughter of Ignorance. It is also the sister of Fear, for the superstitious are invariably prone to see supernatural signs and wonders in the appearances of the heavens, or to hear unearthly voices borne upon the midnight wind, and in everything they cannot understand to imagine the presence of some antagonistic power.

As the American natives were panic-stricken at the occurrence of an eclipse, so the Lapps are filled with dread when the sky glows with the coruscations of the aurora.

These superstitions prevail in spite of the exertions of priests and schoolmasters. They are nourished in secret even when they are not openly proclaimed; and the Lapp, after listening devoutly to the harangue of his pastor, will return home to offer homage to his seidas, or wooden idols; to power at the name of Thoile, the evil spirit of the forest, and to be deluded by the artifices of any so-called witch or fortune-teller.

There are Lapps, and Lapps; each, according to the region he inhabits, bearing his distinctive characteristics, and preserving his individual habits. Thus, there are the Fjellaspara, or Mountain Lapps; the Skogslappara, or Wood Lapps; and the Fiskerlapps.

From the nature of the country the reader will expect, and will be right in expecting, that the Fjellaspara form the most numerous section. They are the nomads of Lapland, and their mode of life is entirely pastoral.

SIX SPLENDID STORIES!

Topsy-Turvy;
Or,
The Boy Explorer,
A story equal to Jules Verne.
Begins in this number.

The Chums of Harvard College,
A Sequel to "ORVILLE AND DAN,"
By COMMODORE AH-LOOK.
Begins in No. 667.

Long Jim, the Scout;
Or,
The Death Valley of the Apaches,
By HENRY B. BRISBANE,
And
Young Pickwick's School-days,
Have just begun.

Minnie's Rescue from the Wilds of Siberia,
Or,
The Daring Adventures of Two Brave Boys,
By ROGER STARBUCK.

Roy the Ranger:
A Story of the Mexican War.

To those of our readers who are desirous of obtaining a full and interesting record of all the important current events of the day we recommend FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER. *No event of importance transpires unnoticed by it. Each number contains eight pages of the most interesting illustrations, one page being devoted to foreign subjects. Admirable serial stories, useful information, the latest discoveries among the wonders of nature and art, instructive editorials, cartoons, etc., etc., continually appear. It is a perfect library of reference concerning the history of the world for the past twenty-three years. It is published every Wednesday. Single copies, price 10 cents; annual subscription, $4, post-paid.*

CAUTION.

Subscribers, in ordering our publications, should be careful to write the name of FRANK LESLIE *in full, and direct their letters to 53, 55 and 57 Park Place, New York, from which address all our publications are issued.*

Advertisements for any of Frank Leslie's Publications will be received, at regular rates, by Col. W. B. Crooks, 1,309 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

Send Twenty-five Cents
FOR SPECIMEN COPY OF
Frank Leslie's
SUNDAY MAGAZINE.

Read "The Wit, Wisdom and Pathos of Childhood"; see the purest and best stories and poems for

Boys and Girls,

and grown people. It makes Sunday a cheerful day. There is nothing stupid, morose or heavy in our Sunday Magazine. Every man who wants to have a glad and happy household should let his children have the Sunday Magazine.

☞ *READ THE ABOVE TO YOUR PARENTS.*

Frank Leslie's Publishing House,
53, 55 & 57 Park Place, New York.

OUR LETTER-BOX.

POSTAGE-STAMPS.—We gave for a long time articles on Philately, or Stamp-Collecting, interesting hosts of our young readers. Some people laugh at boys and girls collecting stamps, but, so far as our experience goes, young people who take to collecting stamps acquire a far more extended and practical knowledge of geography and current history, the changes in different countries, the money in use, the course of trade, and the shortest means of communication with this country than those who merely earn text-books by rote in schools.

We cannot, of course, in our columns give the same matter over and over again, but as a new set of readers comes up every few years, Stamp-Collecting will bear revival, to keep pace with the changes. In the meantime, however, every one who wishes a full, clear, and accurate account of all the genuine postage-stamps known should secure a copy of "A Revised List of the Postage-Stamps and Stamped Envelopes of all Nations, Edited by J. Walter Scott," and published by J. W. Scott & Co., New York.

At first a small pamphlet gave a list of all stamps; now the list is a fine volume of three hundred and three pages, with an index and American locals take one hundred and eleven pages more. The pages are studded with clear and accurate pictures of the stamps, enabling the collector, by the aid of the description, to decide at once on a stamp offered him.

Some will be surprised to learn that the market is flooded with spurious stamps, and the inexperienced are very apt to be deceived unless they deal with houses of established reputation, who are too well versed in the matter to be caught themselves, or to be even innocently the means of putting off spurious stamps on others. With Scott's catalogue in hand, a collector can scarcely be deceived, and the money invested in the book will save him immense trouble, and not unfrequently serious loss.

As the work is brought down to the latest date, every new stamp that has yet reached this country is here described, including those of Bavaria, Cuba, Denmark and the Danish West Indies, Dutch East and West Indies, Egypt, Mauritius, Mexico, Peru, Philippine Islands, Porto Rico, Roumania, Russia, Salvador and Spain, issued during the present year 1879.

THE ROUND TABLE.

PRIZES.

To be Read by all who Send Answers.

FOR A COMPLETE SET OF ANSWERS TO ALL THE ENIGMAS, ETC., IN THIS NUMBER.

For the best and earliest, due allowance being made for the distance of each competitor - $5.00
For the next best - - - - - - - 2.50
For the third in merit and promptness - - 1.00

N. B.—There is no prize offered for an answer to only one puzzle or riddle. The answers must be to ALL. Competitors in all parts of the country have an equal chance.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES, ETC., IN No. 660.

1. Reverse; Revers, Ever, Eve, V. 2. Clang. Lader, Adore, Nerve, Great. 3. U, Fro, Fears, Tranion, Orion, Sore, M. 4. Dish-one-ty. 5. Rain. Wind.—RainboW, AlkalI, IroN, NoD. 6. Rose, Over, Seam, Arms. 7. Glass, Lass, Ass. 8. Headstrong. 9. Cork.

10. A T L A S
H A W
M A N G O
O C C U R
R E V E R E D

WINNERS OF PRIZES IN No. 660.

1.—E. A. Deckbar, 60 Harmony Street, New Orleans, La.

2.—M. Conrad, 1024 Seventeenth Street, Washington, D. C.

3.—A. J. Bell, 135 Charlton Street, New York City.

ENIGMAS, CHARADES, ETC.

1.—TRIPLE ACROSTIC.

INITIALS, medials, final trace,
Beast, bird and fish to none unknown;
The first in Labrador we'll place,
The last in oceans swims, the other by has flown.

This was a test for what the Jews might eat;
A Turkish nobleman here you meet;
The back extreme this double word will tell,
And this, uncultivated to your eyes will spell.
A word by Shakespeare used for rapier bright,
A liniment applied to make pain light;
This term to medicine will clear express,
Or some deceitful scheme, as you may guess.

2.—HEADS AND TAILS.

Gathered by farmers my whole will be,
Beheaded, horses are troubled by me;
Curtail and I throw something forward and high;
Behead and look rootward my form to espy.

3.—CHARADE.

Where Daniel lodged for one whole night,
You'll find my first declare;
My second was a coin so bright,
But now 'tis very rare.

A kingdom small my whole will name,
Whose sons did England tame;
And Scotland, too, they overran,
Pray tell me now—I'm sure you can.

4.—LOGOGRIPH.

I'm trampled on by high and low,
Yet do not grumble, for I know
It is my duty to be so.

Take out one letter, and I'll be
What is not of this world—yet see!
The earth itself seems one to me.

Beheaded, o'er the ocean wide
Safe in my little bark I glide,
Naught caring for the world beside.

Now if my last you'll please reverse,
You'll find me grown a little worse—
An animal that's the pantry curse.

Transposed, when Nature does not meet
The wants of mankind, I complete
Her work with clever counterfeit.

5.—SQUARE WORDS.

An animal; single; a text; to go in; a female name.

6.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.

A vowel: a conjunction; cognizant; a branch of medical science; an idler; a vowel and a pronoun; a vowel.

7.—SQUARE WORDS.

To value; belonging to the woods; a water door; to prove; a term in natural history for a small bag and a vehicle; contemptuous expressions.

8.—CHARADE.

You do first to a pistol, next fish—bring to mind,
And a troublesome insect you quickly will find.

9.—REVERSION.

Where there's a substance there am I,
In air, in sea, and land,
And, bless your hearts! in pies and tarts,
And every grain of sand.

But, candidly, I must confess,
I may be made so small,
That, though you try with eager eyes,
I'm never seen at all.

Suppose you take a microscope,
I often baffle this,
And when you stare, and say, "Not there,"
Yet there I am, I wis.

Now please reverse me, then you'll find,
That many boys know me;
And mice and rats, just as from cats,
Free from me wish to be.

I'm deadly enemy of birds,
And animals as well.
When boy acute goes stealing fruit
In some enchanting dell,

I catch and keep him for the man
To whom the place belongs,
Who, when he comes to pick his plums,
Treats youth to leather thongs.

10.—ENIGMA.

I rise with the bird as it enters the air,
And fall to the earth when 'tis traveling there,
Abide with the peasant while tilling the land,
And float with the zephyr o'er deserts of sand.

I lived before Adam to Eden was sent,
And o'er in the voice of his Maker was blent,
And moving through ether unclouded and clear,
I fell at his feet and delighted his ear.

When dwelling on land, as you'll doubtless agree,
I likewise abide in the depths of the sea.
All lands and all nations my presence must own,
Though, strangely, to matter entirely unknown.

Go, rove on the ice-covered hills of the north,
Where snow finds a bed and where vapor goes forth.
Desire with your tongue that to you I be led,
And I will approach ere the words you have said.

Or go to the south, to the east, to the west,
And I will approach at your humblest behest;
To make you rejoice you crossed over the foam,
Or to make such a noise that I frighten you home.

If such were the case, you were spiteful, indeed,
Irrespective the land of your birth or your creed,
For sure as you passed on your way through the street,
You'd wittingly trample me under your feet.

Though thus you would conquer, this verdict I give;
Though trodden to earth I would not cease to live;
All mandates of Death and of Fate I defy,
Immortal and quite univer-al am I.

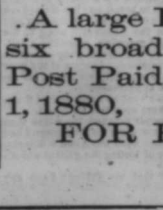
FUN FOR THE BOYS.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER—"Which is the best, the wheat or the tares?" *Master Hobbs*—"The tares, teacher." *Sunday-school Teacher*—"Why? Explain yourself, you stupid boy." *Master Hobbs*—"The wheat gets thrashed, but tares don't."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

OUR NEW
50-CENT COLLECTION
CONTAINS 50 FOREIGN POSTAGE-STAMPS, EACH ONE FROM A DIFFERENT COUNTRY, INCLUDING CHINA, JAPAN, CAPE OF GOOD-HOPE, NATAL, TURKEY, ETC. POST-FREE, 50 cts.
SCOTT & COMPANY,
146 FULTON STREET,
NEW YORK CITY.

A RARE unpaid Peru stamp, or 30 European. Cheapest price-list in America. Agents' terms, and copy *National Philatelist* for 3c. stamp. W. B. TAYLOR, Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.



THE COLUMBIA BICYCLE.—A practical road-machine. Easy to learn to ride. An ordinary rider can distance the best horse in a day's run over ordinary roads. Send three-cent stamp for twenty-four page catalogue, with price-list and full information. The Pope Manuf'g Co., 80 Summer Street, Boston, Mass.

Frank Leslie's
CHATTERBOX,
AN
Interesting, Entertaining and Instructive Publication for Children,
Containing pleasing Stories, Tales, Adventures, Natural and Scriptural History, Poetry, Floriculture, etc., etc.

FRANK LESLIE'S CHATTERBOX is an entirely original and thoroughly American publication, and not a reprint of the English work of a similar title.

48 Quarto Pages---Profuse and Beautiful Engravings.

Published monthly. Sold by all newsdealers, price 10 cents a copy. Annual subscription, $1, postpaid.

Frank Leslie's Publishing House,
53, 55 & 57 Park Place, New York.

CARDS, 10 Lily-of-the-Valley, 10 Scroll, 10 Engraved, 10 Transparent, 1 Model Love Letter, 1 Card Case, Name on all, 15 cts. WARD & CO., Westville, Conn.

THE EXCELSIOR **$3 Press** Prints labels, cards, etc. (Self-inker $5) 9 Larger sizes For business, pleasure, young or old Catalogue of Presses, Type, Etc., for 3 stamps. KELSEY & Co. Meriden, Conn. **ROTARY JOB PRESS, $100.** Ours is the largest factory in the United States

PHOTOGRAPHIC APPARATUS Complete, 50 cents, postpaid (is so simple that any boy or girl can photograph perfectly at once); contains all the necessary chemicals, printing frame, negatives, albumen paper, directions, etc. Worth Brothers, 727 Sixth Street, New York.

JUDGE FOR YOURSELF By sending 25 cents, with age, height, color of eyes and hair, you will receive by return mail a correct picture of your future husband or wife, with name and date of marriage.
Address, W. FOX, Box 805, Fultonville, N. Y.

Indian air-gun, shoots 100 feet, kills small game; barrel 20 inches. Guns, darts, targets, etc., by mail, post paid, only 25c. American Novelty Co., N. 10th St., Phila., Pa.

50 Snowflake, Motto, Chromo, Favorite, etc., cards, in gold and jet 10c. Best. BOOKCRAFT & Co., Durham, Ct.

52 Perfumed ocean gems & gilt-edge ass'td cards, name in gold, 10c. Franklin Printing Co., W. Haven, Ct.

$5 to 20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address, STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

$72 A WEEK. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Address, TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

$66 a week in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address, H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Me.

$7777 A YEAR and expenses to agents. Outfit free. Address, P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

50 Chromo, snowflake and lace cards, with name, 10c. 40 all chromos, 10c. Star Print'g Co., Northford, Ct.

50 Snowflake, Chromo, etc., **CARDS.** *Name in Gold and Jet,* 10c. U. S. CARD CO., Northford, Conn.

50 Perfumed, Snowflake, Chromo, Motto cards, name in gold and jet, 10c. G. A. Spring, E. Wallingford, Ct.

$77 a Month and expenses guaranteed to Agents. Outfit free. SHAW & Co., AUGUSTA, MAINE.

SEND FOR
Frank Leslie's
MARVELOUSLY CHEAP BOOKS.

8vo., Heavy Paper Covers, Illustrated.

	Cts.
MICHAEL STROGOFF. By JULES VERNE	25
FRITZ, THE EMIGRANT. By CHARLES GAYLER	25
MONTAGUE; Or, THE BELLE OF THE MAITINEE. By CHARLES GAYLER	25
REAPING THE WHIRLWIND. By MARY CECIL HAY	25
JACK HARKAWAY OUT WEST AMONG THE INDIANS. By BRACKENRIDGE HEMYNG	20
LONE WOLF, THE APACHE CHIEF. By ROBERT H. JAYNE	15

Convenient 12mo. Books, Bound in Boards, Uniform in Style.

LIVING OR DEAD. A Story Founded on Fact. 288 pages, heavy board covers	50
WIFE IN NAME ONLY. By the Author of "Dora Thorne," etc., etc. 288 pages, heavy board covers	50
THE HALF-SISTERS. A Story of Metropolitan Life. 288 pages, heavy board covers	50
A RUSSIAN BULLET AND A BROKEN HEART. 288 pages, heavy board covers	50

For sale by all Newsdealers and at all Bookstores, or sent, post-p'd, to any address in the United States, on receipt of the price named. Address,
Frank Leslie's Publishing House,
53, 55 and 57 Park Place, New York.

THE WEEKLY SUN.

A large Eight Page Sheet of Fifty-six broad Columns, will be sent, Post Paid, to any Address, till Jan. 1, 1880,

FOR HALF A DOLLAR.

Address THE SUN, New York City.

CAPTAIN TUPE'S YARN.

IT was a pretty rough night, and as we cuddled around the cabin table, eagerly clutching at our grog-glasses and pipes, we reckoned ourselves pretty lucky to have such comfortable quarters.

Captain Tupe, a jolly, red-faced old sea-dog, headed the table, and grouped around in most picturesque attitudes were some dozen male passengers.

The ladies had long since retired, and were wearily sympathizing with each other, and mentally wishing the voyage was at an end, and that seasickness was only an imaginary ill.

Some of the most squeamish of the males had also invented some excuse to enable them to leave the table with honor. One man thought he would have a look at the sky; but a distant groan, closely following his disappearance, showed that he was vigorously peering into the depths of the mighty ocean. Another would mildly hint that it was getting late, or that he thought he heard a voice calling him—so it was, poor fellow, being no other than the voice of his disturbed interior, and away he would rush in frantic haste.

The bravest of our little party still remained in the breach, and, clustered around our gallant chief, tried to appear as undisturbed as possible.

"Spin us a yarn, captain," I suggested, in as firm a voice as I could muster.

"Yes; do, do," was faintly echoed around.

"Very well, gentlemen, I will spin you a yarn, but upon one condition, and that is, that one of you will be kind enough to lock the cabin door and bring me the key, for I do not like to be interrupted in my yarns."

"Certainly, captain," I replied, with the faintest attempt at a smile, and, followed by the glaring looks of my unfortunate companions, I locked the door and gave the key to our cruel commander.

"Before I begin, gentlemen, fill up your glasses, for I know that you are all such good sailors that you do not feel in the slightest degree seasick."

"Oh, not in the slightest," I murmured. I need scarcely say that I mentally cursed the folly that prompted me to ask the old sea-dog to "spin us a yarn," when the ship was pitching and rolling about like a mad devil, and we one and all felt as sick as dogs. I was just going to ask the same old question. "Why should dogs be more subject to seasickness than any other animals?" when I happened to remember that nine scribblers out of ten have devoted whole pages to this unimportant fact; and as I do not wish to rank—ahem!—as a *scribbler*, I will continue my yarn. Captain Tupe emptied his glass without even winking, and, with scarcely a look at the circle of pale faces that confronted him in mute agony, he began:

"'Twas about sixteen years ago, when I was chief mate of the *City of Lincoln*, that we had a regular 'blower' for a passenger.

"He was a young naval officer, and had just graduated from Annapolis, Maryland, and was full of high-blown theories, rules, regulations, and sea-lawyerness. Talk about brass buttons. Why, he was one mass of gold and gilt. He looked, when the sun shone fairly upon him, like a small comet out for a morning walk. To listen to him, he could do anything in the world. No sailors had existed until he was born; and as for the 'merchantmen,' as he termed us, why, they knew nothing at all in comparison to a United States cadet, you bet.

"We were then trading between New York and San Francisco, and, the Pacific Railroad not being built, our dashing young officer had chosen to take the trip with us, instead of waiting for a United States vessel, for he was to join his own ship in 'Frisco.

"Among his numerous bright ideas, he fancied that he had invented one of the 'finest life-rafts in the world.'

"He had it constructed under his own personal supervision, and had paid for it out of his private purse. The strange-looking concern formed part of his luggage, for he was taking his model with him to present to the captain of his ship, doubtless as a mark of the high esteem in which he held him, or perhaps as a little hint that the newly-appointed cadet was a person of no mean powers.

"Of course I pretended to take a great interest both in our 'sucking Nelson' and in his life-raft. He had explained its various uses to me at least fifty times, and in addition to this had inflated it with air and fixed it up ready for use. He was not satisfied until I had promised him that he should test his apparatus at the first opportunity.

"He had not long to wait. We had been having some stiff weather while off the coast of Florida, and consequently the sea ran pretty high.

"One evening, while smoking upon the quarter-deck preparatory to turning in for the night, I was startled by a cry of:

"'Man overboard!'

"I glanced hastily astern, and sure enough I saw what appeared to be the body of a man floating in our wake. In less time than it takes to write it we had hailed the mainyard aback and were preparing to lower a boat. In the midst of the preparation my attention was attracted to the frantic figure of the young cadet. He was dancing here and there like a cat on hot bricks, and with the efforts of four or five of the crew was preparing to launch his famous life-raft. At last it was fairly in the water, and a curious affair it looked.

"Just imagine two long india-rubber cylinders, filled with air, and joined together by a few pieces of light woodwork. The young cadet was soon on board of his strange craft, and partly by promises and partly by entreaties, prevailed upon my bo'sun to accompany him.

"It happened just as I expected. No sooner had his darned raft been struck by a heavy sea than with a crash she began to break up; the second sea struck her, and away went one half of the raft and my poor bo'sun, while the "blower" clung to the remains of his splendid invention, more like a half-drowned rat than the gold-laced poop-ornament that he had lately resembled. In spite of the poor fellow's plight, I could not help smiling at his astonished and dejected appearance.

"Luckily for him, our boat had now neared them, and the adventurers were soon safe on board.

"His raft had no sooner touched the water than the second master informed me that the figure I had seen floating astern had been but a straw dummy, got up for the purpose of testing the gallant cadet's life-raft.

"Needless to add that we did not have any more 'blow about his raft. He changed his soiled uniform for a suit of "civie's," and was very quiet during the rest of the voyage.

"When we reached 'Frisco he begged me to keep the matter as quiet as possible. So I did; but in spite of my precaution the story reached the ears of his captain, and he was ever after known as 'Rafty.'

"Now, gentlemen, I guess you can open the door," said the captain, with a grin.

We were not long in taking advantage of his permission, and as we rushed hurriedly up on deck, and one and all became intent upon the mysteries of the deep, we could hear a laugh in the distance, and the words, "I guess those passengers won't trouble me for another yarn when it's blowing. Darned if they did not look like a lot of ghosts as it neared the end, and now they are one and all paying tribute to Neptune."

A BALL OF FIRE.

A BOY at Paterson, New Jersey, was struck by a ball of fire from the clouds on the 22d of March, and immediately enveloped in flames. It seems that about nine o'clock in the evening, a boy about fifteen years old, named Edward Braine, living with his father, Jacob Braine, at No. 541 Ellison Street, was sent a few blocks distant to purchase groceries. On the way he was joined by another boy named Robert Duroc, about twelve years old.

As they were proceeding across a vacant lot on Pearl Street, at the terminus of Summer Street, in order to get to a grocery store on Mechanic Street, the Duroc boy happened to look up as they went along, and saw, coming down in an oblique line, a small ball of fire, which struck the Braine boy on the left breast, passed under his coat, and exploded a mass of flame over the boy's breast and side.

In the boy's left hand, which was parallel with his breast at the time, he held a silver quarter of a dollar. Both boys were frightened, and the night being dark and stormy, they ran through into Mechanic Street into the grocery store kept by a man named Cox, who immediately stripped off young Braine's blazing clothes, and thereby saved his life.

The boy's coat was burned off on one side, and his underclothing was burned down to the skin. His side was badly scorched and blistered, the end of the thumb, including the nail, was burned off, and his left hand badly burned, so that it is now swollen up to twice its usual size, and the twenty-five cent piece, which he held in his hand, partly melted.

The boy was immediately put in the medical care of Doctor Garnett, who pronounced his injuries painful but not dangerous. Had the fiery mass struck him on the head or face, it would have probably killed him. One of the most mysterious things about the affair is the character or composition of this meteor, whether it was wholly of a gaseous substance or partly solid. The Braine boy saw nothing; he only heard a blazing noise over his head just as he was struck. The other boy, a very intelligent little fellow, who was about fifteen feet from him, saw the ball of fire coming very distinctly. Young Braine did not feel any shock as from a solid substance, but a sort of heavy thud, which seemed to paralyze him for a moment. If any solid substance accompanied the ball of fire it must have grazed his side and passed through his coat to the ground, the surrounding flame scorching his body, spreading over his clothing and igniting it. His coat was so badly burned that it was impossible to ascertain from its appearance whether this was probable or not.

Next morning a search was made for anything having the appearance of a meteoric stone, but none was discovered. The ground was wet and soft at the time, and if any solid substance fell it probably went into the earth out of sight.

CAPTAIN TUPE'S YARN.—"IT HAPPENED JUST AS I EXPECTED. NO SOONER HAD HIS DARNED RAFT BEEN STRUCK BY A HEAVY SEA THAN WITH A CRASH SHE BEGAN TO BREAK UP."

BROTHERLY LOVE.

REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF OVERPOWERING FILIAL AFFECTION.

A CURIOUS and touching incident has been recently brought to light by the *Republicain de Constantine*. A short time ago the criminal court at Constantine condemned two natives, brothers, one to the pain of death, the other to the galleys. No sooner was the judgment pronounced than the third brother, the only one remaining in freedom, went and found the counsel for the defense, weeping bitterly and scarcely able to explain himself for emotion. Endeavoring to calm him, the lawyer said:

"All is not yet lost; the only object of the crime was vengeance, and it is to be hoped that the head of the State will grant a pardon to your brothers who is condemned to death."

The poor fellow, somewhat reassured, then declared that as soon as all was decided he had made up his mind to accompany his two brothers to Cayenne, presuming a remission was granted to the first, and in any case not to leave the second.

"I am going back now," said he, "to my douar to sell my share, and if the money I get for it is not enough, I will work night and day to make up enough. Whatever may happen, I cannot live without them."

"But are you not married?" asked the lawyer.

"Yes, since three years."

"Have you no children?"

"I have a boy and girl."

"And what will you do with your wife and your children?"

"I shall send my wife away and entrust my children to the care of my relatives on the douar."

"What! are you not ashamed of leaving your children? Do you, then, love your brothers better than your own flesh and blood?"

"I am young," replied the Arab, "and later on may take another wife, and have other children, but who can give me back my brothers? My father and mother are dead. No, never, never will I stay here without them."

This anecdote recalls to us a similar episode in antiquity. Alexander the Great, having taken prisoners the chief family of a tribe of Syria, decided to put away all except the women. Cooling, however, to the prayers of one of these, he granted her the life of one of her family. When the princess asked for the life of her brother, Alexander could not suppress a movement of surprise.

"What!" cried he, "you love your brother better than your husband, or even than your own son?"

"I cannot deny that I love my husband, and I would willingly lay down my life for my son, but since one only can be saved, I remember that I am still young and can love another husband and other children, but no one can give me back my brother, since my father and mother are dead."

Neither is the concurrence special to Algeria.

Plackwell narrates that in the Middle Ages an Italian woman, whose brother was defending a besieged city, was summoned to give him up. They had taken her children from her, and told her that they would be murdered unless she persuaded her brother to capitulate. Nothing daunted, the Italian lady replied, placing her hand on her bosom:

"Do as you will; my bosom will bear other children to me, but I will not betray my brother."

These different narratives are identical in character, and serve to prove how history repeats itself, after intervals of centuries.